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THE WHITE PHANTOM;

OR,

HOUSEHOLD TREASON.

A STORY OF LAND AND SEA.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECRET CONCLAVE," &c.

CHAPTER X.

THE ESCAPE—MARY'S RUSE—LEWIS PROCEEDS TO ENGLAND—HE FINDS A SITUATION AS SECRETARY ON BOARD THE OCEAN QUEEN—THE TWO SAILORS—AN IMPORTANT CONVERSATION—OSBORNE AND HIS RIVAL—CLARK AND HIS RIVAL—MYSTERIOUS HINTS—SIR JOHN LAWTON AND HIS PROTEGE.

MR. LARKIN, the detective officer, had traced Lewis Livingston to the village, near which Mr. Mayer lived; and, as the reader already knows, had learned of the young man's whereabouts from the postmaster. After Mr. Mayer had started home, Larkin again called on the postmaster, and received information from him of the farmer's visit, and he further learned that he, the farmer, appeared to be exceedingly well disposed towards his young protege. Larkin feared that the farmer would assist the young man to escape him; he therefore determined not to wait until the next morning, but proceeded to the farm-house that very night, where, as we have already seen, he completely surprised the family.

The information that Mayer had imparted to his wife and daughter had awakened their pity, and they both felt the deepest interest in the young man.

The detective demanded to be immediately conducted into Lewis' presence. Mr. Mayer replied that the young man had already gone to bed, and as he had only just recovered from such a severe illness, he might have a relapse if he were suddenly seized in his sleep. He would therefore go up and see him first. The policeman then immediately proceeded to the stable to make sure that he was not concealed there, and then returned to the house. Mrs. Mayer and her daughter tried to detain him, but fearing that Lewis might escape him, he broke from them and ascended the stairs which led up to Lewis' room. But Mary Mayer was no less resolute than himself. As soon as Larkin had left the room she ran up a back stair-case and stood suddenly before him as soon as he appeared on the first landing-place. As soon as she saw him she uttered a loud shriek.

"What is the matter?" inquired Larkin.

"Murder! fire! robbers!" she screamed out in an assumed tone of extreme fear.

"What do you mean? It is I—Larkin!" cried the policeman.

"Help! murder! murder!"

"Silence! you screaming idiot," cried Larkin, giving utterance to an oath—"you know me well enough."

But the young girl's purpose was accomplished, for she had succeeded in alarming the two men who worked on the farm, and they ran up stairs.

"Murder! murder!" repeated Mary in a terrified voice; "here is a man in the house—I discovered him as he was coming towards my room."

The two laborers immediately seized the policeman, who in the excitement of the moment incautiously allowed himself to be overpowered. If he had remained quiet the whole matter would have been explained, for Mr. Mayer would soon have come to his assistance. As it was he struggled with the men, and struck them with his fists, which made them so angry that they threw him to the floor and were about to bind him when he drew out his pistol. This was the spark to the powder. They believed that they really held a robber in their grasp who would take their lives if he could, and their anger knew no bounds. They wrested the pistol from his hands and would have dashed his head against the floor, had not Mr. Mayer suddenly appeared on the spot.

In the meanwhile Mary had not been idle. As soon as she saw the policeman in the hands of her father's laborers, she hurried to Lewis' room, and advised him to get away as quickly as possible. She told him in a few words that she knew all, and also what she had done for him. She then took him by the hand and Lewis followed her without asking a single question. When they reached the yard she offered him her purse. He thanked her, but informed her that he had enough money for his wants. He then kissed her hand and sprang over the wall which surrounded the garden.

During this time the policeman was being soundly beaten by the two laboring men, for by his thoughtless conduct he had excited their direst wrath. It was only at last by Mr. Mayer's persuasion that they released him. Larkin swore terribly; but they maintained that they had taken him for a robber, and that he never attempted to undeceive them. As soon as they released him, the detective officer ran to the young man's room—but of course it was empty. He then took a horse and started in pursuit of the fugitive. He reached the next village just as the boat was starting for New York. The young man was not on board and he was now convinced that he had started for the city on foot. The detective hurried to New York for the purpose of putting all his subordinates on the alert, and as they were thoroughly acquainted with all the lurking-places in the great city, he still hoped to arrest Lewis. He then visited Mr. Lockwood and told him what had occurred. The latter immediately doubled the amount he had promised for the young man's arrest.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning when Lewis reached New York, and his first proceeding was to enter a restaurant, in order to recruit his strength and think over his plans for the future. Where should he go? He possessed a hundred dollars and a gold watch; that was his whole fortune. He thought long and seriously, and at last decided that he would visit England. By this course he would be out of the reach of his stepfather, and hoped to find some occupation in that country until he should become of age, when he would return and take possession of his property. By twelve o'clock he was on board the steamer Pacific, bound for Liverpool.

We shall pass over the voyage to Europe. This has been described so many times that every one is acquainted with the details. We might, if we felt so inclined, relate how all the passengers were seasick; how they kept their berths; how several of them begged that they might be thrown into the sea, and how their suicidal wish was not complied with. We might, if we chose, state how polite and affable Capt. Nye was; how he listened to the querulous complaints of his passengers, and how he said every day that they were going on finely. We might detail how, after three or four days at sea, the inmates of the cabin began to get their "sea legs," and to emerge from their berths, and eat prodigiously; how they began to grow merry and play at cards in the evening; how they got up an amateur concert, at which everybody expressed himself highly delighted, and declared that some professionals could not have done better; how the girl with the fair hair, whom no one knew, flirted with the dark-eyed young man, and shocked the feelings of several young ladies of unknown ages by so doing; how the cabin passengers pitied the poor creatures in the steerage; how the argumentative man laid down the law on every point, and declared it to be his firm conviction that the United States was on its last legs; how the gentleman from Maine took up the cudgel in behalf of his country; how the argumentative man and the Yankee quarreled; how they nearly came to blows, and how they finally made up their quarrel and cemented their friendship by sundry bottles of champagne. We might tell how one John Bull declared that "Hingland was the place for 'is money;" how another quarrel nearly arose from this speech; how the coast of Ireland at last appeared in sight; how everybody congratulated each other on the rapid passage they had made; how they entered the Mersey, and how they finally anchored off Liverpool. We say we might have given an account of all these things, spreading it over several chapters, if the matter were not already hackneyed, and we had not the fear of tiring our readers before our eyes.

During the passage, Lewis was very reserved and mixed very little with the other passengers. He would sit for hours together gazing on the vast expanse of water around him, but his thoughts were with Harriet. When he reached Liverpool he started at once for London, and was soon in a world of excitement at all the wonders of the great metropolis. It was especially interesting to Lewis; in his eyes every street was classic ground. He was well read in history, and each nook and corner was hallowed to him by some historical reminiscence. He could fancy that he saw Wat Tyler and his hordes of noisy rioters marching through the streets as they had done four hundred years before. He imagined that he again saw the fires of Smithfield lighted up. He called to his recollection the great plague and fire. When he gazed on the sombre Tower, he thought of all the princes and noble-hearted men that had been confined within its walls; and when he read the inscriptions on the walls, breathing the purest patriotism and the most unselfish greatness of soul, he involuntarily asked himself if men had not degenerated in the present day.

Lewis now began to look about for something to do, as his money was fast dwindling away. He inserted an advertisement in the *Times* for a place as secretary, a position he was fully qualified to fulfil. He received an answer from a Sir John Lawton, a post captain in the Royal Navy, who had been appointed to the command of the Ocean Queen, a stoutly-built barque, which had been chartered by the government to convey convicts to Van Dieman's Land.

Sir John was very much pleased with the young man, and offered him the situation as his secretary. Lewis, who was fond of the sea, immediately accepted the offer. The arrangements were soon completed, and one fine July morning the young man, accompanied by his employer, went on board the convict ship, and they were soon standing in deep blue water, with sky meeting ocean on all sides of them.

The Ocean Queen proceeded with fair winds towards her destination. She had a crew, including soldiers for the purpose of guarding the prisoners, of more than a hundred men. The captain was accompanied by his wife, a proud, haughty woman, who scarcely deigned to notice the young American. The captain, on the other hand, was very affable to his young *protege*. He would converse with him on the long summer evenings when they walked together on the deck and gazed on the immense expanse of water surrounding them. For several weeks everything went on well; the men appeared attentive to their duties; the officers seemed to be liked, and had it not been for the presence of Lady Lawton, the time would have passed quite happily with our hero. As it was, her ill-natured remarks and unladylike behavior marred, to some extent, the enjoyment of the voyage. The only accident that had occurred was a slight collision with another vessel, which, however, had done no harm.

It was towards the evening of a hot, sultry day in August that two sailors stood near the galley engaged in earnest conversation, which they held in whispers. The elder was named Clark, and was a fine specimen of a brawny English sailor; the other, Osborne, was more slim and much more handsome. The countenance of the first expressed purely animal passions, while the latter had not lost from his face all impress of the gentle teaching of his mother. But both of them appeard very determined men.

"Have you seen our men?" asked Clark in a hoarse whisper.

"Yes!" replied his companion.

"How many?"

"As many as you told me—all those you pointed out to me."

"Twelve?"

"Yes! and the best men of the ship; Jones, Johnson, Harrison, Milton, Burton, Hunter, Chapman, Taylor, Moor, Smith, Langan and Jake."

"You are right, they are the best men in the ship. They have steel hearts and iron arms—but the others?" queried Clark.

"The others will follow the example of their leader. Are you satisfied?"

There was a pause of a few minutes, when Osborne suddenly whispered to his companion:—

"Is not Lieutenant Morell watching us at this moment?"

"No! he has his eyes turned in this direction, but he's thinking of something else."

"What did you say to the twelve men you have just named to me?" continued Clark.

"I spoke out boldly."

"That's the right way to speak, if we want to gain our ends—but go on."

"I told them that they would ——"

"Never mind that—did you tell them our plan?"

"Yes! I told them that we would, first of all, seize the Captain."

"That's the right talk, Osborne—but what else did you say?"

"I told them that we should also seize on the first and second lieutenants."

"But the rest of the officers?"

"As to the rest, we shall see about them."

"That's a strange idea you have got, Osborne—you fancy that the rest of the officers will join us."

"Yes! the younger ones—you forget what we have in store for them."

"Don't reckon on it too much, Osborne; don't admit that into your calculation—but go on."

"I told them that when we were once masters of the "Ocean Queen," they were not to injure any of the lieutenants or the other officers, but simply to disarm them; and, if necessary, keep them in confinement."

"Did they accept these conditions?"

"All of them. I told them that there must be no pillage or theft; and whatever might occur the young American secretary on board must be respected, and they agreed to it all."

"Why! the men are perfect angels, Osborne. But what did they say about the liquor?"

"That was a very difficult matter to treat on. Your orders were very hard to be obeyed."

"So I expected—but go on."

"After the capture of the Ocean Queen, they insisted on doing what they pleased with the fifty barrels of rum on board; but I said no, that could not be; that you took the rum under your charge, and that not a single drop could be drank without your orders."

"Well said!"

"But I tell you they made strong objections—Clark, very strong."

"But they eventually agreed to it?"

"Hardly! they exacted treble rations."

"Treble rations! why that's enormous."

"That, or nothing," they replied.

"Treble rations!"

"I could not recede; they had our secret."

"Silence, Osborne! the Lieutenant is approaching this way."

"He is going to speak to us."

The Lieutenant approached; he was a fine, gray-headed man, who appeared to have seen a good deal of service; there was, however, a very kind expression on his features.

"Osborne, did you examine the bow of the ship after the collision?" asked the Lieutenant.

"I did, sir, and found nothing the matter," replied the sailor.

"And you, Clark, do you notice anything?"

"Nothing, sir."

"The bowsprit was not injured?"

"No, sir, not at all."

"And the rudder?" continued the officer.

"Uninjured, sir," replied Clark.

The Lieutenant moved away, and the conspirators resumed their conversation.

"You say, Osborne, that they demand treble rations of rum daily?" asked Clark of his companion.

"Yes!"

"The rascals are modest in their requests!"

"They also demand that all the tobacco on board shall be divided between them."

"All the tobacco! these fellows forget that there is booty on board a hundred times more precious than rum and tobacco. When we propose to these men to divide this booty freely with us, they raise difficulties and make paltry conditions—they deserve ——"

Clark did not finish his speech, but stamped his foot on the deck, showing by the motion that he was a man of indomitable will.

"Don't be angry, Clark, the matter is all arranged," said Osborne, endeavoring to soothe his companion. When our purpose is once accomplished they will consent to give you the command of the Ocean Queen, which you can pilot to Old Harry himself, if you like, as long as you give a wide berth to the Indies and England, in which places we should all most unquestionably be hanged."

"That's my business. We will return to Madagascar. The Queen of that island is at war with England. She will be very glad to get our assistance, for are there not sailors, carpenters, and pilots amongst us?"

"I told them," said Osborne, "that this blow would be struck exactly at midnight to-morrow. Two hours before eight bells arms will be distributed to the watch below, and they will give them to the other sailors. Now, Clark, let me hear what you have done for the cause."

"I have done just the same as you have, Osborne; only I have spoken to thirty-six sailors instead of a dozen, by which arrangement we shall have plenty of men to carry out our project. I promised them only a double allowance of rum; but since you have agreed to treble rations they shall have them. I will hide nothing from you, Osborne. Everything goes exactly as I wished. There was no hesitation or hanging back on the part of the men. The only difficulty, and that was a terrible one, was occasioned by you. The whole affair was nearly falling through on account of it."

"What was this difficulty, Clark?"

"When I had finished speaking, and told all our comrades what we expected to gain by this result, the mulatto, Jake, advanced from the ranks and exclaimed: 'To become one of your party, it must be understood that no one disputes Emma with me!'"

"O, he wants Emma, does he?—he wants Emma!" And Osborne stamped his foot on the deck with rage.

There was a moment of silence after this explosion of anger.

"Neither he—nor a hundred—nor a thousand—nor a hundred thousand such as he shall touch the hem of her garment," continued Osborne, gnashing his teeth together. "I only enter into this plot on her account, and let me see any one who dares to dispute with me about her! Death to the man who dares to cast his eyes on her!—I will rip him up! A vile, hideous mulatto dare to place his ape's paw on her white shoulders! Let him come on!—let him come on! Did you not spit in his face when he made the proposition? Did you not kick him? What did you do? Do not laugh, but speak, Clark!"

"I promised him what he asked."

"You promised him? You promised Emma to him?"

'Yes! Jake is worth twenty men if he is on our side. If he is against us we fail. I had to choose, and I accepted his conditions."

"And you did well!" replied Osborne, in a tone evincing calm resolution. "You did well! an hour after our success the mulatto Jake shall be thrown overboard."

"I will help you to do it, Osborne."

"Thank you! I shall count on you, Clark."

"We have said all we have to say; let us now separate," said Clark.

"Not yet," replied his companion.

"Have you something else to say to me?"

"Yes!"

"Well! out with it, Osborne."

'I love Emma as you love Margaret Jones."

'Well?"

"Well! the Irishman, Langan, like the mulatto, would not enter into the plot until I promised that he should have the pretty Margaret Jones."

"Margaret Jones?"

And Clark in his turn became livid with rage.

"Margaret Jones?" he repeated, "why, I will annihilate him if he dares to look at her! He to dare think of her! Dolt! Fool! Villain!"

"Hush! Clark," exclaimed Osborn, seizing his companion's clenched fists. "Hush! This young man has influence in the ship. He is imprudent, it is true, but he is brave. We require his assistance; when we have succeeded, then—"

"Then we will settle our account."

"Agreed, Clark, but until then let us stifle our anger. I will aid you. You may reckon on me to assist you to get rid of the Irishman, as I count on you to help me kill the mulatto."

The two sailors shook hands.

"Now we have settled everything, have we not, Osborne?" asked Clark.

"Everything," replied his companion; "we understand the captain and all the officers are to be seized and put in irons."

"Exactly! and when we become masters of the Ocean Queen we will descend down the hatchway—"

"And will come up again with our hundred and thirty—but silence! I hear footsteps; they have passed on. Yes! we will come up again conquerors, carrying within our arms—but some one approaches."

At that moment the sound of footsteps could be plainly distinguished, and the men separated.

At the same time that this important conversation was held between the two sailors, Lewis Livingston stood on the quarter deck surveying the glorious ocean which met the sky on all sides. The sea was calm and unruffled, and the ship was moving lazily through the water. Lewis turned his eyes towards the west and his thoughts reverted to his own loved country. All the scenes he had lately gone through passed rapidly through his mind, and he asked himself if he should ever see his dear native land again. He thought of Harriet, and wondered if she were thinking about him at that moment; and he longed for the time when he would again clasp her to his heart. While engaged in this reverie he heard a step approach, and turning his head he saw it was Sir John Lawton.

They entered into conversation on indifferent topics, which gradually led them into a discussion of their literary tastes. This was an agreable theme for Lewis, and he spoke with vivacity. Their conversation continued until it was quite late, when the captain appeared to remember that the night was far advanced, and with a hurried "good night!" he retired to his own state room.

In a short time no sound could be heard save the rippling of the water against the ship's bow, and the tramp of the watch as they paced the deck.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OCEAN QUEEN AGAIN—SIR JOHN LAWTON AND HIS WIFE—JEALOUSY OF LADY LAWTON—MARGARET JONES' LETTER—THE PUNISHMENT—THE MUTINY—ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY FEMALE CONVICTS—THE PARLEY—LADY LAWTON'S INDIGNATION—AN EXCITING SCENE—LEWIS FINDS HIMSELF A PRISONER.

THE day following the conversation between the two sailors everything went on as usual on board the ship. The crew appeared calm and impassive; and, save occasional whisperings, they all performed their duties to the letter. It was afterwards noticed, however, that several sailors wore green and red ribbons in their button-holes. An observer, so far from supposing that any conspiracy was hatching on board, even if he had been informed that such was the case, would have rejected the information as false. The meals followed each other in their usual course, and all remained calm.

After dinner, Sir John Lawton and his wife were left alone in the cabin.

Lady Lawton was very handsome. She was a perfect blonde, and was dressed in pure white, which tended to increase her natural pallor. She was hated by everybody on board, from the first Lieutenant to the meanest boy. As we have before said, she was haughty, proud, and supercilious. She was also decidedly cruel, and the men were frequently punished owing to her interference; her husband was not naturally a strict disciplinarian, but, urged on by his wife, he frequently committed acts which he afterwards regretted.

On the evening in question, her face was flushed, and her manner animated; it was evident that she was upbraiding her husband for some act of his.

"I tell you, Sir John," she exclaimed, "that I know all your doings, and I am in no humor to put up with them."

"But, my dear—"

"Every evening at nine o'clock," she interrupted in a shrill, threatening voice, "when that infamous creature is on deck, you are there too."

"My duty obliges me to be there, madam. Your jealousy only—"

"Is founded on fact," again interrupted her ladyship. "Your duty does not oblige you to be always hanging about the refuse of England and the world. I suppose you think she is pretty?"

"Not so pretty as you are, my dear."

"Do not compare me with that wretch, if you please, sir; if you have nothing else to say, drop the subject."

"I don't know what you mean—really, my love—"

Lady Lawton bit her handkerchief.

"It is really shameful!" she exclaimed, "that I have such rival—a burning shame!"

"I assure you, my love, this rivalry exists only in your imagination—it is your fancy."

"It is my fancy, is it?" replied Lady Lawton, her lips becoming suddenly pale; "read this letter from Margaret Jones in reply to one you sent her."

Sir John Lawton appeared very uneasy. She seized his arm and obliged him to look at the letter.

"Read it! read it!" she exclaimed—"but I will read it for you," and she read as follows:—

"Sir—The unfortunate girl to whom you will persist in writing, although innocent before God, is too degraded in the eyes of men to reply to the words of affectionate interest which you address to her. She deserves only your indulgence and your pity. Yet, sir, you must allow me to state that I cannot listen to what you have to say—my heart belongs to another.

Your obedient servant, MARGARET JONES."

"Do you still deny it, sir?" continued Lady Lawton, her eyes sparkling with rage.

"This girl would ruin me," muttered Sir John.

"You are right!" rejoined his wife, 'she does wish to ruin you. Revenge yourself on her."

"Revenge myself!" exclaimed the captain, a sudden thought entering his dastardly soul; "revenge myself—but how?"

"The rules of the ship are precise," replied his wife; "they interdict, under pain of punishment, all persons in her degraded condition from holding any communication with officers or the crew. Margaret Jones has disobeyed the regulation in writing this letter. You should let justice take its course."

"But then my letters will be read."

"Then you have written some letters?"

Sir John paused; he saw that he had committed himself.

"Then you have written some letters," repeated Lady Lawton smiling in a peculiar manner.

"No! yes! that is to say, two only."

"We shall see! We shall see!" replied her ladyship, with a threatening gesture.

"My dear, say no more about this matter, and Margaret Jones shall be punished as you require."

"I will be satisfied with that," replied his wife, "but you must see that it is done at once."

"Your wish shall be obeyed, but I must find some other pretext."

"That I will leave to you—not a very difficult matter, I should imagine, considering that you are the captain of this ship."

"It shall be done;" replied the false-hearted scoundrel, and kissing his wife he left the cabin.

The captain went on deck, and he heard the sound of many voices singing some favorite home ballads; the voices came from below and appeared to be very numerous. The captain muttered a few words to his second in command, and a man soon afterwards went down the main hatchway.

In a minute or two afterwards a sharp and piercing voice could be heard above the singing, utter these words:—

"Margaret Jones, come here, for the purpose of receiving twenty lashes on the bare shoulders, by the captain's orders."

The singing was instantly hushed, and a murmuring of voices followed; then could be heard the dull sound of each blow, but not a cry was elicited.

The punishment over, the ship became quiet—the watch was set, and no sound could be heard save the creaking of the helm as the steerman revolved the wheel backwards and forwards. The air was hot and oppressive. It seemed as if there was a storm brewing in the elements.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by the ship's bell proclaiming that midnight had arrived.

The mutiny burst forth!

A hundred men, with pistols in their hands and knives in their mouths, crowded confusedly on the deck. The sentinels had been disarmed and the officers seized. Osborne stationed himself by the main hatchway, and soon female forms began to ascend, the sailors assisting them to escape from their place of confinement.

Up they came, one by one, until a hundred and thirty stood on deck. The whole scene was lighted up by torches which some of the men carried, and which cast an unearthly halo on all assembled.

Standing out in bold relief from the red gleam cast by the torches was Osborne; on his arms leaned a woman magnificently formed, and in his hand was a brass musket. With a loud voice, which made itself heard all over the ship, he spoke as follows:—

"Women condemned by England! Women destined by England to crawl and die in the deserts of New Holland, Botany Bay, Hobart Town, Norfolk and Sydney! Women declared by England to be infanticides, parricides and poisoners! You are free! free as we sailors who have mutinied are! This magnificent vessel and all it contains belongs to you!"

A howl of joy, independence and frenzy was raised high into heaven's blue vault. Three hundred voices cried "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" Heaven echoed back the sound.

The mystery of the revolt was explained. The Ocean Queen contained only female convicts, and it was for the purpose of freeing these that the mutiny took place.

The general aspect of the vessel, so calm and peaceful a few minutes before, was no longer the same. It is impossible to describe the complete and rapid change that had taken place. From one end of the ship to the other was a mass of inextricable confusion. Men and women gazed on each other with astonishment. Nude arms might be seen elevated high in the air; rosy cheeks and bearded faces mingled together. Here might be heard gentle voices—there hoarse and savage cries. Some of the women even forgot to remove the grey dress which the State furnishes for convicts during their passage from England to the place of transportation. But they soon divested themselves of this garment, and then many handsome women were seen—some with bare necks, and almost all with naked feet.

Except those who were in the secret of the conspiracy, all the others appeared overwhelmed with stupor. Their beautiful eyes, already hardened by vice, dilating with joy when they found themselves free.

The first act of the mutineers was to take possession of the soldiers and five or six officers, who offered little or no resistance. The sailor, Clark, placed an officer's hat on his head, and with some deference approached the captain, who was standing on the quarter deck with his wife on one side of him, and the first lieutenant on the other.

"Captain," said Clark, removing his hat, "we have done what we cannot justify, but—"

"An infamous act!" returned Lady Lawton, in a shrill voice, glancing around with a look of disdain; "an act only worthy of scoundrels, villains, and robbers."

Sir John Lawton did not dare to raise his eyes, he appeared to be completely overwhelmed. The first lieutenant muttered between his teeth, "Rascals! scoundrels! devils!"

"This act, whatever you may call it," replied Clark coldly, "this act is an accomplished fact."

"No! it is not yet accomplished," exclaimed Lady Lawton, trembling with rage. "Throw that villain into the sea," continued her ladyship, turning towards her husband.

Clark smiled derisively.

The mutineers began to lose their patience.

"Throw that villain into the sea! I repeat," exclaimed Lady Lawton, more and more exasperated.

The mutineers growled like wild beasts, and the women who mingled with them insulted her with every opprobrious epithet. One of them placed a torch at the bottom of her ladyship's muslin dress for the purpose of setting it on fire; the latter placed her foot on the brand and struck the woman on the face.

This bold proceeding for a moment appeared to awe the enraged crowd.

"Throw them into the sea!" repeated Lady Lawton, in the last extremity of indignation and rage.

The captain trembled from head to foot.

"And who, if you please, is to throw us into the sea?" asked Clark.

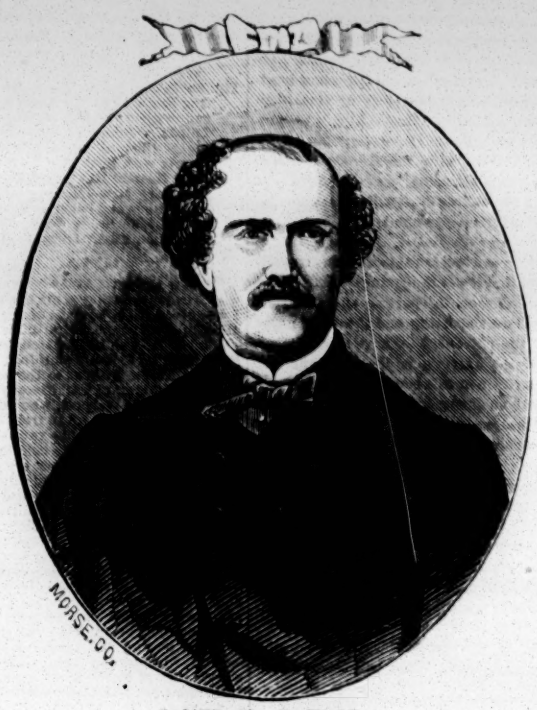
"It is she we will throw into the sea," howled a fearful unanimity of voices. "Yes! in with her—in with her! It was she who ordered that Margaret Jones should receive twenty lashes; in with her—in with her!"

"Here comes poor Margaret Jones, the victim of this wretched woman!" exclaimed other voices.

But the cries, "in with her—in with her!" rose above all other sounds.

"Who will throw you into the sea?" replied Lady Lawton, ironically, as if she had not heard their threats of death; "who, but our soldiers? But where are our soldiers? What are they doing? Where are our officers? Where are their guns? Where are their swords?"

"We have rendered them all useless—soldiers, officers, guns, and swords," replied Clark, without losing an atom of his



JAMES H. TAYLOR,

DRAMATIST.

For Biographical Sketch, see another Column.

coolness, although he felt that the terrible crisis was approaching. "We have overcome them all!"

"And you shall be hanged at the first port we come to. Hanged—hanged! Newgate birds!" exclaimed the captain's wife.

Whilst this scene was progressing, Lewis was in his state room wondering what all the noise and confusion on the deck meant. He ran to his door, tried to open it, but found that it had been locked from the outside.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1864.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOHN H. MAHAN, Chicago, Ill.—We have no paper containing what you wish. In the 39th round of the Heenan and Sayers' fight, Jack Hamilton is said to have drawn a "life-preserver" on Heenan, with intent to use it, but was prevented by Jim Hughes; towards the conclusion of the round one of the ring-keepers grabbed Heenan by the leg and tried to trip him up, but did not succeed. These were the only attempts at violence committed on Heenan during that fight.

NAT ORMSBY, Nashville.—1. Orpheus C. Kerr *is* the husband of Adah Isaacs Menken. 2. Sam Cowell was born in Kent, Eng., August 7th, 1792. 3. A biography of the Menken appeared in the CLIPPER of August 10th, 1861. We have none for sale. 4. Mr. Butler, of No. 3 Peck Slip, can furnish you with all the necessary information on that point.

SPORT, Boston.—"E and B are playing 'Seven Up,' each player having scored six points. B deals, and turns up Jack, and claims the game. E holds high, and claims that high counts before the Jack turned up. Please decide".....E is wrong: Jack, when turned up, is scored immediately; when made in play, however, high counts before Jack.

S. G., New York.—1. For map address G. W. Colton, No. 18 Beekman street, N. Y. 2. It depends altogether on the state of the tide, the season of the year, and the kind of fish you are after. In starting from Flushing it would be better first to inquire of the fisherman on the bridge, who also keeps boats to let.

HARD LUCK, Charlestown.—1. The Great Republic was built at McKay's Yard, East Boston. 2. The Academy of Music, Philadelphia, is the largest building used for theatrical purposes in this country. 3. The Academy of Music, in this city, is larger than the Boston theatre.

MARK P., Chicago.—The points in all fours are not taken until after the hand is played out, except one for Jack when turned up; consequently, as one for high is the first point to be taken, the one having the ace won.

J. W. M., Brooklyn.—At cribbage, if a party takes a less number of points than are his due, he may not rectify his mistake; consequently A could not take the "three points more," and B wins the bet.

J. S., Peoria.—We have looked over the issue you refer to, Sept. 26, 1863, and there is no such answer given. We have looked through two or three of the succeeding Nos., but failed to discover it.

F. R. G., 1st Excelsior, Brandy Station, Va.—No one firm in particular, we are informed, but Smith, Rice & Co., corner of Broadway and Canal street, do some business in that way with the government.

G. R. C and C. R.—"A bets B that in the game of Draw Dominoes a player cannot draw a domino if he has suit in hand. Your decision is requested".....A loses; a player *can* draw, whether he has suit in hand or not.

INDIAN CLUBS, Philadelphia.—1. For Mr. Kehoe's terms for "clubs plain," see his advertisement. 2. A pair of painted and varnished clubs of the weight you mention, with oil paintings of Hyer and Heenan, will cost you $15.

TOM AND JERRY.—They are two distinct plays, and have both been produced here, one by Mrs. Bowers, at the Winter Garden, and the other, we think, by Matilda Heron, at Niblo's. Neither plays resembles "East Lynne."

E. W. OSGOOD, Portsmouth, N. H.—The best way for you to do in order to get a situation with a circus company, is to advertise to that effect.

CONSTANT READER, Camp at Rappahannock, Va.—1. Jenny Lind was married Feb. 5, 1852. 2. Otto Goldschmidt is her husband's name.

H B., Wooster, O.—Out of so many, it would be a wonder if all were honest men; but who are honest and who are not is more than we can say.

IRENÆUS.—1. Wm. Quinn died in this city Nov. 29, 1863. 2. "444" was opened by Mr. Butler during the fall of 1863. 3. You can obtain the book at almost any book store.

R. ATKINS, Washington, D. C.—You will get the information you seek more readily and correctly from some one of the Washington lawyers.

J. H.—To gain the wager, A should prove that no tickets had been offered B. A cannot lose on the sure thing dodge; that notion is exploded.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER, Troy.—1. He could play a trump, whether he held a diamond or not. 2. Can make the Jack and ten whenever the opportunity offers.

YOUNG AMERICA, Providence, R. I.—We regret that the "notice" was mislaid. Please duplicate, or send us your address that the money may be returned.

H. H., Philadelphia.—Our terms for advertising are 12 cents per line for each and every insertion; with 20 per cent off if paid for three months in advance.

GLOBE, Port Chester.—1. Ben Caunt is dead—he lost two fights. 2. Tom Hyer is forty-five years of age: he does not "keep a place."

SMOKY.—The lady is about 35 years of age, and is at present in Boston.

W. W. HOLDEN, Point Lookout.—We are entirely out of that issue.

VOCALIST, Philadelphia.—Dick and Fitzgerald, No. 21 Ann street, have the book for sale.

LESTER, Saratoga.—Put your pup into the hands of some good trainer who will hunt him in company with other dogs.

KILLBUCK.—We should choose a pointer were we in your place.

READER.—Bill Poole was shot on the night of Feb. 24th, 1855, and died about twelve days afterwards.

A. H. H., Louisville.—The Webb Sisters will not visit your section of the country this season.

C. N. GARDNER, Rochester, N. Y.—Address either or all of the poultry breeders who advertise in the CLIPPER every week.

S. K., Marion street, N. Y.—Six for the sequence, and one for last card in that game of cribbage, is quite right.

FRANKLIN COUNTY.—Mr. Butler, of No. 3 Peck Slip, can give you all the points, and sell you the kind of dog you require.

OBSERVER, St. Louis.—You *commence* with the "old wardrobe," but lose sight of it afterwards. How's that?

W. A. H., Harrisburg.—*Good* comic singers always command fair salaries. Let some manager hear you.

J. D. McC., South Mountain.—1. The rules are not published. 2. Joe Coburn is an Irishman.

HARRY BLOODGOOD, Washington.—Skiff's Minstrels were at last accounts playing in the small towns of Massachusetts.

ESSENCE, Philadelphia.—We are not aware that any party in your city is teaching jig dancing.

STAMMA, Larkinsville, Ala.—Received, and will probably appear in our next.

TOODLES, Wheeling, Va.—There are none but those you mention.

DRAKE.—Four times, $2.25.

S. S. P., Newburgh.—Flora Temple is *not* dead.

N. F., Jamestown.—Received. Thanks.

PAUL, Binghamton, N. Y.—It means 25 cents each picture.

MASON & Co., Phil'a.—For three months (13 insertions) $5.

A BATCH OF BILLS, incorporating several societies and clubs, "went through" the Albany mill last week, which, as they may possibly be of interest to CLIPPER readers, we here make a note of. The Brooklyn Yacht Club, New York Clever Fellows' Club, Musical Protective Union, Tom Moore Association, and Brooklyn Turnverein. How much better that our legislative Solons should be occupied in doing good than in persecuting pretty waiter girls, professors of the "manly art," and such like institutions.

SKATING IN UNION SQUARE.—The fountain in Union Square having been frozen over, the juveniles of that vicinity "occupied and possessed" the same for the salutary exercise of skating on the 13th inst. We don't know that they were interfered with; but if they were, it was wrong, for the little ones should be allowed to amuse themselves where, when, and how they like, providing they do not get into mischief or danger.

SOME PICKEREL.—Dan. W. Whiting, Esq., caught through the ice on Lake Whitney, near New Haven, Conn., Feb. 6th, a pickerell weighing *six pounds and one quarter*, measuring 27 inches in length, six inches deep, and four inches thick, and had a mouth like the entrance to the Mammoth Cave, and was as full as greedy as a Shoddy contractor.

WALKER.—Charles Bradley has been walking the one hundred hour feet, at Linden Hall, Geneva, N. Y. He is said to have accomplished the job.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE CLIPPER.

The business portion of our patrons are making such steady encroachments upon the space heretofore devoted to news, and miscellaneous matter, that we find it necessary to enlarge the dimensions of the CLIPPER, so as to accommodate and do justice to all our patrons. Notwithstanding the continued high price of paper, we intend to make the size of our sheet one half larger than it is at present. We do not propose altering the form of it in any way, but intend to increase the number of columns, and also add considerably to their length. The present is the 45th number of volume eleven, and the new arrangement will take place in April, with No. 1 of volume twelve, when the CLIPPER will appear in new type, new heading, and everything new from beginning to end. New types are now being manufactured expressly for us; our engraver is engaged in cutting a new heading; our story-teller is at work upon a new story of more than usual "thrilling interest;" the author of "Susie Knight" is preparing an original poem as a companion to "Susie;" our engraver will inaugurate the new series with the likeness of one of our most fascinating and popular actresses; and the entire *corps* of reporters engaged on our fast-sailing craft will endeavor to increase the interest of their several departments.

The CLIPPER is no longer an experiment. It is a permanent institution—the oldest sporting and theatrical journal in America. It seems but a few years ago that it was the youngest craft afloat. It has created a complete revolution in sporting and theatrical literature. We have shown how a sporting and theatrical paper should be conducted, and the patronage we have received convinces us that the course of the CLIPPER is the true one. In dramatic and show news no paper in this country has ever become so popular, or met with such success as the CLIPPER; and this, mind you, on its merits alone, for there was no outside influence to help the CLIPPER during its early stages; neither had it any advertising patronage. Hard work and honest principles have made it the leading theatrical and show paper in this country. It goes everywhere. It is of almost inestimable service to the profession in many ways, and the extensive patronage we are now receiving in the matter of business notices, cards, etc., conclusively prove that the CLIPPER is one of the most useful papers in existence. We shall endeavor to make it still more beneficial to our sporting and theatrical patrons, as well as interesting to the general reader.

The price of the CLIPPER, in its new form, will remain the same as at present, and our advertising rates will continue the same.

THE TRAINER OF HEENAN.

In last week's CLIPPER we published a letter from John McDonald, defending himself against an attack made upon him by one of our cotemporaries. In *Bell's Life* of Jan. 30th, we find the following card from McDonald:

As a great deal has been said upon the subject of Heenan's training for his recent battle with King, and much of that reflecting upon my conduct in the matter, I beg you will permit me, for the information and satisfaction of the public, to say that I was with John Heenan six weeks and three days during his training for the match, and during that period I can safely assert that he neither ate nor drank anything but from the hand of his own brother, who kept everything under lock and key. I also state that it was from James Heenan that both John and I received whatever we ate. The only time I lost sight of John Heenan was on Tuesday, Dec. 8, when, by his own special desire, he left Newmarket to avoid the police, and proceeded to London, and stayed with a gentleman, one of his principal backers. It was also his expressed wish that neither I nor his brother should accompany him, and when he parted with me he declared that he was never in better health and condition in his lifetime. From the Tuesday till the morning of the fight, Thursday, Dec. 10, I cannot be answerable for anything as regards his diet; but I may say that Heenan did not eat or drink anything in my presence after he left Newmarket until the fight concluded—not that I would for one single moment attempt to suggest or cast an insinuation as to any wrongful treatment of that kind. I only mention the fact, and to which I can add that James Heenan told me that he had made John's tea, cooked his chop, and John had breakfasted long before I even saw him on the morning of the fight, as I had to come from the West End to the station. I trust I shall not be held responsible for the manner in which Heenan fought on the day; and in conclusion do now solemnly assure the public that I did my best fairly and honestly to secure success, which not being in mortals to command, I have lost my money, and been grossly maligned by one who ought to have known better. But, notwithstanding the slurs, both John C. Heenan and his brother James will substantiate my statement.

Yours, &c., JOHN MCDONALD,
A faithful friend to John C. Heenan.

The same card appears in the London *Sporting Life* of the same date, January 30th, but with a somewhat different ending; an ending which has caused us some surprise. Here is the finish of the card as it appeared in the *Sporting Life*:—

"I have lost my money and been grossly maligned *by the American Press, the conductors of which ought to be ashamed of the part they have taken in the wilful dissemination of falsehood.*. I am, sir, your obliged servant, JOHN MCDONALD,
A faithful friend to John C. Heenan.

We cannot exactly understand this. We believe but one paper charged McDonald with acting unfairly toward Heenan, yet here he makes a sweeping charge against the American press and its conductors, without any exception. Not only have *we not* assailed him, but we have defended him as far as we conscientiously could do so. We may have some explanation from McDonald concerning *his* attack upon the American press at some future day.

The following communication we find in the London *Illustrated Sporting News*, of Jan. 30th.

As a good deal has been said and written about the graceless spirit in which John C. Heenan accepts his defeat, I think, Sir, it is but fair to your readers in general, particularly those in the provinces and far north, who have no other means of knowing the truth but through you—that you or some other party intimate with the facts should now come forward and in an honest and impartial manner confute the vile aspersions, if any, laid upon the good names of John McDonald, the "tricky and avaricious Scotchman," Tom King, "the common fellow," and Heenan, "the victim," as they are styled by your American contemporaries, who have anything but added credit to their own good names by their recent display of bombastic nonsense as contained in their journals lately received from over the water. If John C. Heenan be the gentleman he professes—which I believe he is, although I did lose my money on him twice—he has now an opportunity of proving it by speaking out his own complaint, if complaint he has, and also clearing the fair fame of his friend McDonald, who, as everybody knows, has been to him a friend indeed and *in need*. I hope, Sir, you will not consider this letter of mine an intrusion, but ascribe it to an ardent desire to see the truth shine out concerning the characters of some of our most respectable members of the P. R. In the hope that you or some other competent person will take the matter up soon,

I am, dear Sir, yours very truly, KNUCKLES.
GREENOCK, January 26th, 1864.

Just so. And *we* call upon John C. Heenan to come out and give us some explanation of the mysterious conduct of himself and friends in the ring. In our next, we shall have something to say upon this subject, and something to say to John C. Heenan. If there has been foul play, we shall endeavor to ferret it out. We have all along been under the impression that no foul play had been practiced upon the Boy, and we hope there may be no cause to induce us to change our opinion; but there are whispers from the other side that, to say the least of them, are calculated to create a *suspicion* that a wrong has been committed by *some* party.

THE BROOKLYN YACHT CLUB was incorporated by act of Legislature on the 10th inst., so that aquatics are likely to flourish in the City of Churches. Beecher is down on Old Ocean, or we should propose him for Commodore.

A BALL MATCH ON THE ICE.—On Friday, Feb. 12th, a match was commenced on Sylvan Lake, Hoboken, between the Gotham and Empire clubs; but before it was half completed the ice gave way and the parties had to leave the pond. The score at the close of the second innings stood 12 to 2 in favor of the Gothams. The parties, determined not to be baulked of their sport, adjourned to the New York Cricket Grounds, were they spent an hour and more in a lively game of ball. There was but one day that skating could be had last week, and that was only for a few hours.

A BILLIARD MATCH has been made between Seereiter, of Detroit, and Foster, of Kavanagh's Rooms in this city, to play for $250 a side, 1500 points up, caroms, on one of Phelan & Collender's famous four pocket tables, on March 24th, at Detroit. We think it will be a good match, and lots of the sportaceous medium will be invested on it, no doubt, at odds on Seereiter.

PIGEON SHOOT IN JERSEY.—John and William Taylor, of Jersey City, and Ed Perry and Miles Johnson contested in a pigeon shooting match on the Meadows, for $100 a side, on the afternoon of the 11th inst., in which the Taylor brothers proved victorious, each killing 21 birds, while Perry killed 20, and Miles 19

HEENAN IN PUBLIC AGAIN.

HIS SPARRING EXHIBITIONS IN LIVERPOOL.

ENTHUSIASM OF THE PEOPLE.

Heenan, King, Mace and Sayers Under One Roof.

John C. Heenan has once more appeared in public, and the reception he received must have been deeply gratifying to him, as proving conclusively that though he lost the battle money in his recent fight with Tom King, he has not lost his friends. A correspondent in Liverpool sends us an account of Heenan's arrival in that city, his welcome by the people, and the enthusiasm which was manifested at his exhibitions. The letter is from one of our own friends, and the writer vouches for the correctness of all he states. Here is the document:—

HEENAN IN LIVERPOOL.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The Boy's Reception—His Set-to with Sayers at the Circus—Cutting Remarks of the Audience—Tom Sayers' Hoggishness—Sandwiches and Gin for One—Coming to Terms—What Mace Thinks of John's Science—Tom Sayers' Opinion on the Late Fight—Curious Developments—An Old-Fashioned Yankee Dinner with Pony Moore—Sayers and His Pork and Beans—What Heenan Has to Say About His Defeat—His Condition Still Very Low—Meeting of the Four Gladiators, Heenan, King, Mace and Sayers—King Will Never Fight Again—He is at Loggerheads With Bill Richardson—Jem Mace Will Fight Coburn in Ireland—King and Mace at Jem Myers' Circus.

LIVERPOOL, Eng., Jan. 27th, 1864.

FRIEND QUEEN: As every word concerning John C. Heenan will prove interesting to his friends and countrymen in America, I will give a little account of his movements in Liverpool, and other matters connected with his visit here.

John C. Heenan left London on Sunday evening, and arrived here early on Monday morning; and, although very little publicity had been given as to the particular time he was expected, Lyme street station was literally besieged by thousands of the good people of Liverpool, who heartily sympathize with the Boy in his misfortunes. All in front of the depot and away back to St. George's Hall, was one surging mass of eager, anxious faces, who had waited out in the cold for hours to get a glimpse at the handsome "Benish" on his arrival; and when he struck the town, the cheers, shouts and other expressions of welcome, fairly made the old seaport ring again.

On his way to Stent's Hotel, the streets were lined with men, women and children, assembled to get a glimpse at the American, and the cheering was kept up all along the route. During the day, many of the leading merchants and business men called at the hotel to see him; also, quite a number of ladies.

In the evening, the occasion of his first benefit in England, Jem Myers' Circus was packed almost to suffocation, and thousands were turned away on both Monday and Tuesday evenings. The fact is, he could have stayed a week and had a full house every night, and the people here are sorry that he didn't do so; but, whenever he comes this way again, John C. Heenan is always sure of a cordial welcome in Liverpool. When John entered the ring with Tom Sayers, the applause lasted for several minutes, and Heenan informed me that his reception in Liverpool was as great as when he returned to New York after the Farnborough swindle. Men, women and children jumped promiscuously into the ring, all trying to shake hands with him, and as a few of the remarks made to Heenan may not be uninteresting, I send over a few: "Better luck next time!" "Let no *friends* train you!" "*He* done the deed!" "Richardson is a bad man!" "Where's Jack Macdonald? Calcraft wants *him*!"

Heenan was assisted by his "old friend," (so the bills announced) Tom Sayers, but his behavior towards John while here has proved that he is no friend of his at present, and in my opinion, *never was*. This man volunteered his services for two nights for nothing, but Heenan was to pay his expenses. After learning the receipts of the first night, which amounted to nearly £300, ($1,500), at very low prices, (and if the prices had been raised there would have been the same number of people there), Sayers had the cheek to demand the second night's receipts or he said he wouldn't stop. To this Heenan would not consent, so Sayers bought some sandwiches and a bottle of gin and sat up all night, having made up his mind to leave Liverpool in the 4 A. M. train. Getting pretty well soaked, Sayers fell asleep, and didn't wake up till half-past four; he then wanted to know "What time the four o'clock train started." It was finally settled that Heenan should give him £20 for the second night, and £10 for his expenses, and this is what they call friendship.

Although Heenan's health is still very poor, he showed himself off in fine style, and had it all his own way with Sayers. The people were fairly astonished at his performances, many of them having witnessed the fight and seen King spar here a week ago—they could not believe it was the same man. Even Jem Mace, who was there the second night, told me that he never thought Heenan had so much science in him. He said that was the first time he saw John spar, although he saw the fight between Heenan and King!

I listened to the following conversation on Tuesday evening between a backer of Heenan, who witnessed the fight, and Tom Sayers, from which you may be able to sift a few new ideas, as Sayers' opinion on the late fight:—

Heenan man to Sayers:—"How was it, Tom, that you were so stupid as not to claim the fight when Heenan had it in his own hands, and why didn't McDonald appeal to the referee?"

Sayers:—"McDonald be d—d! I lost two hundred and ten pounds myself, and if I could have got out of the ring after the first round, and seen Farmer Bennett or Gideon and got them to hedge it for me, I would then have been all right, for Heenan was blowing like a steam engine, and said he couldn't see, although he hadn't been hit."

Heenanite: At the 17th round, why didn't you appeal to the referee yourself?

Sayers: What was the use of me going without a couple o' hundred pounds in my hand? I knew somebody had gone up before me with one hundred! This created a big laugh, and ended the argument; but I leave you to form your own ideas from it.

On Wednesday Heenan dined with his old friend, Pony Moore, who got up a good lay-out for the occasion, and at John's particular wish one dish consisted of *pork and beans*, which Tom Sayers partook of heartily for the first time in his life. They all enjoyed the "dejeuner" first rate. In the evening John went to St. James' Hall to hear the Christy Minstrels. He says that he is going to some warm climate to recover his health, which is still very bad. John has lost all his muscular power, and at this present time doesn't weigh over 13 stone. He has but little to say concerning the fight; it was like a dream to him; he lost all his money, but not his friends; he remembered nothing after the first round, when he became quite sick and blind; he didn't know that he had knocked King out of time. The week before the fight he felt better than ever before in his life, and he says if he had been John Heenan only ten minutes in that ring he would have been perfectly satisfied.

Tom King arrived here on Wednesday morning, and is stopping at the same hotel as Heenan. Jem Mace came on Tuesday evening. Mace and King are hired by Jem Myers to appear at his circus for four nights; these two are traveling together, but Mace is dissatisfied, as King will give, but he don't want to take in return, which does not suit the Zingaree.

On Friday, Jan. 29th, Heenan, Sayers, Mace and King were all in one room together, and there was some pretty high words exchanged. King says that he will not only never fight any more, but will never go to see a fight except for his friend, Jem Mace. King is also down on the Jew, Richardson, that worthy having gone back on him since the fight.

In answer to a question regarding himself and Joe Coburn, Mace says he is very anxious to fight Coburn, but not in America: *he is willing to split the difference and fight him in his native country, Ireland*, which I should think Coburn might agree to. Mace would like to visit the United States, and would rather go with Heenan than anybody else, *but not to fight.*

Mace and King appeared at the circus on Thursday evening. The house wasn't more than half full, and their reception a very cool one. King got chaffed pretty lively by the audience.

Yours, etc., WIDE AWAKE.

BILLIARDS IN CLEVELAND.—Three matches were played there last week between Fred. Britton and Charley Frink. The first was played on the evening of the 8th inst., 500 points up, at caroms, for $50 a side, at Wiseman's Rooms, and was won by Frink. The second game on the same terms and for the same amount, was played on the 9th inst., at Franley's Saloon, and Frink again proved victor. The third event was for $150 a side, 1000 points up, caroms, and took place at McIlrath's Rooms on the evening of the 10th inst., before "a crowd of witnesses." Frink won again and by 111 points. Another match is expected to be played by them this week for $500 a side, we are informed. A match has been made also between Frink and Johnny Coon for $500 to come off in ten days, Coon to discount his opponent.

WILL COBURN FIGHT MACE IN IRELAND?—In a letter published elsewhere from an American in England, concerning Heenan's movements, our correspondent refers to a conversation he had with the English Champion, Jem Mace, wherein Mace stated in firm and decisive language that he would never fight anybody in America, but if Joe Coburn would fight him in his (Coburn's) native country, Ireland, he should be happy to accommodate him. This is more than any of the other Champions have offered to boxers either borne or brought up in America, and we cannot help but admire Mace for being the first man to deviate from the old stereotyped rule. No mention was made about what Mace would give towards Coburn's expenses, providing he consents to fight in Ireland; but if Mace will give the same as our man offers him to fight in Canada—viz: $1000, or £200—we very much mistake Joe Coburn's mettle if he does not give way a little also, and fight Jem Mace in Ireland. We have not heard Coburn's ideas upon the subject, but cannot see what should interfere with such a match except Mace's refusal to give over £100 for expenses. The Champion's Belt, of course, will not be put up for competition except the fight comes off in England, yet that would not diminish one jot of the interest which would attach to it. Hundreds of the right sort from here would go to see it, and, in our opinion, both men would have an equal chance in Ireland. What says Joe Coburn?

SUSIE KNIGHT, THAT PRETTY WAITER GIRL.—In book form, illustrated. Whopping gal was Susie. Price 20 cents. C. Mackey & Co., publishers, 81 Nassau street, N. Y.

THE RING.

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.—THOMAS C. BURNS has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. BURNS will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the BRANCH, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in oriental style. 43-3m

INDIAN CLUBS AND THEIR USES.—We are glad to learn that the Indian Club is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise, conducing, as it does, to a general development and strengthening of the physical system. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the clubs which Coburn exercised with while training for his late fight with McCoole, and which were so highly spoken of by the champion. Clubs of from 4 to 8 lbs., $4.00 per pair; of from 8 to 12 lbs. each, $5.00 per pair. Dumb Bells, from $3.00 to $4.00 per pair. Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, CLIPPER office, New York, or Post Office, N. Y., will receive immediate attention. 44·

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION AT HOME.—JOE COBURN and JAMES SAUNDERS wish to inform their friends and the public that they have taken possession of the WHITE HOUSE, 113 GRAND STREET, where they will always be happy to see all the old faces and others who may favor them with a call. The wines, liquors, ales, and cigars, are of the finest quality—not to be excelled in the city. PRIVATE LESSONS IN SPARRING will be given by the Champion. 32
Private classes every TUESDAY and FRIDAY evenings.

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!—Old Bill Tovee, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express, a superior sett of GLOVER'S BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of $5.00. Gloves CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVEE,
31-tf No. 575 Second avenue, co. of 35th st., N. Y. City,

YOUNG BARNEY AARON'S
"STAR OF THE WEST,"
202 CENTRE STREET.
Where may be had the choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, Segars, etc.
A rare collection of SPORTING PRINTS on view.
Private Lessons given in Sparring. 41-tf

"ED WILSON," of the Ruins, Weehawken, has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
No. 16 LEROY PLACE,
Corner of Bleecker and Greene Streets,
as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Segars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition. 40-3m*

HARRY JENNINGS
has made many new improvements in his popular
"HOUSE OF CALL,"



No. 32 PORTLAND STREET, BOSTON,
and added a complete and unique GALLERY OF PORTRAITS, many of which can be seen at no other saloon in the country. Sparkling viands, prime Havanas, and the best of everything to be had at the Bar. 41-tf

PATSEY MARLEY
Informs his friends and the public that he has opened a house at No. 68 Oliver street, formerly kept by Hen. Winkle, where the best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars may always be had, and where good entertainment for the sports is provided in the way of gloves, clubs, and dumb bells. "Fistiana" to be seen at the bar, and all the American and English sporting papers regularly taken. 45-1t*

JOHN C. HEENAN & TOM KING'S PHOTOGRAPHS.—Heenan in 3 positions—King in citizen's dress, 25 cts each.
45-1t* W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y.

FIGHTING ON THE RAILROAD.—Jake Gowey and Tom Maloney, two cigarmakers, are said to have met on the Susquehanna Railroad, Albany, on the 8th inst., and fought 21 rounds in 1h. 38m. 40s., for $100 a side, Jacob proving victor by Thomas' overreaching himself and falling on his head and being unable to come to time. Gowey stands 5ft. in height, and weighed about 133 lbs.; Maloney is 5ft. 2½in. high, and scaled at about 136 lbs. Maloney was seconded by Geo. Webster and Jack Coleman; Gowey by Joe Mahoney and Charley Gordon. Tom won first knock-down, but Jake first blood and the fight.

JERRY CONKLIN AT THE STUYVESANT.—The testimonial benefit to this favorite Fourth ward boxer on Wednesday evening, Feb. 17th, at the Stuyvesant Institute, 659 Broadway, will, we have not the slightest doubt, be a real bumper to the obliging Jerry, who was never known to disappoint a friend when his presence would be of benefit. Having but a few weeks ago buried his father, his case requires no appeal from us. Coburn, Elliott, Smith, Wilson, Lazarus, and other good men are down on the bills. Harry Hill and his boy Dick are expected to go through the Indian War Club Exercise with Kehoe's clubs. The entertainment concludes with a masterly delineation of the art *le box* by Mons. Milage Cornell and Jerry Conklin.

WELCOME TO A BRAVE STRANGER.—Joe Graham's benefit takes place this evening (16th inst.) at the Stuyvesant Institute, No. 659 Broadway. Let all attend, who can, and witness Graham and Drumgoole fight their battle o'er again. George Leese, Prof. Dusty, and the Smithsonian Troupe will muster in force, and a first rate night's sport is anticipated.

BILL DWYER IN THE FIELD.—This Brooklyn youth will fight any 140 lb. man in America who has never fought for money, or he will give or take a couple of pounds and then give any novice a chance for $500 a side in two months' time. Dwyer has left a "tenner" in our hands to show that he means it, and hopes somebody will take up the challenge quick. An answer through the CLIPPER will do the business.

ANOTHER FLASH IN THE PAN.—Elliott and Dunn, with a large *posse* of the sporting men of this city and Brooklyn, met at our office on the 9th inst., to try and make a match according to Elliott's challenge, and for which $200 was left as a deposit; but, as we expected, they couldn't agree on the time, Elliott's health not allowing him to fight with justice to himself and backers in less than three months, while Dunn's partizans wanted to fight in two months. Chin music was as plentiful as huckleberries in summer time, and "Snatchem" came expressly to try and make arrangements for Elliott to fight Coburn, in case Joseph was present and Dunn refused to go on with it. Messrs. Scotty and McGarry drew their $100 apiece, and the affair ended all in smoke.

THE CON. FITZGERALD TESTIMONIAL.—The day and date set apart for this "recherche" affair is Monday next, February 22d, being the 132d anniversary of the birth-day of George Washington, and it will be celebrated in good style. Jack Lawless will be on here from Albany, and have a shy at Tom the Boatman, the Commissary General of the P. R. Joe Coburn and Jimmy Elliott, Phil Clare and Jim Dunn, Jem Giddings and Harry Clarke, the Aarons, Dooney Harris, Drumgoole, Cornell, Hollywood, Dorsey, and others have given their word to assist. The principal feature will no doubt be the friendly bout between Ned Wilson and Con Fitzgerald, two old antagonists, but now on the best of terms. All who didn't, as well as all who did, witness the battle at Port Penn, should be on hand and see two such good natives box again on Washington's Birth-day.

CHARLEY LYNCH will appear and exhibit his two Belts—one the Feather Weight Championship belt and the other a presentation belt—at Jerry Conklin's benefit at the Stuyvesant Institute on the 17th inst.

CLUBBING—CHALLENGE TO HARRY HILL.—Mr. John C. Maloney, of Buffalo, is anxious to have a friendly trial of skill with a pair of Kehoe's 35lb Indian clubs, as will be seen by the following cartel.—

BUFFALO, Feb. 12th.

EDITOR CLIPPER:—I hereby offer to make a match with Harry Hill, for $50 or $100 a side, for a trial of skill with a pair of 35lb Indian clubs of Kehoe's make. The conditions of the match, appointment of judges, a referee, etc., to be agreed upon on the acceptance of this challenge. I will give or take expenses to have the contest come off in New York or Buffalo. Yours, etc.,
JOHN C. MALONEY.

THE COBURN-BELT TESTIMONIAL.—The tickets for this affair are now out and may be had at the principal hotels and sporting houses throughout the city. It comes off at the City Assembly Rooms on the 26th.

MIKE NOONAN'S RESPONSE TO MIKE DORSEY.—Noonan says he can't fight at the weight he is challenged to by Dorsey, but will fight him at catch weight in four or six weeks for $500 or $1000 a side. If this suits, the match can be made any time at 401 Columbia street, South Brooklyn.

ED. LOWERY VS. JIM KERRIGAN AND DOONEY HARRIS.—In answer to Kerrigan's challenge, Lowery says that he will fight him at catch weight for $500 a side in six or eight weeks' time. In case Kerrigan does not accept, Lowery offers to fight Dooney Harris for the same amount and in the same time, if Dooney will confine himself to 136 lbs., and allow him to be catch weight. As Lowery has never fought in the P. R. he doesn't know exactly at what weight he can come to, and thinks an old ring fighter like Harris ought to give him a chance. The match to be made at the Camp Crystal, corner of Prospect and Pearl streets, Brooklyn.

COMING ROUND AGAIN.—John Morrissey is fast recovering from his severe indisposition. A week or so ago he was very low, and his physicians would not allow any one to see him, but he is now considered out of danger, and we hope soon to greet him on the Plaza with other theatrical and sporting celebrities.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

MOVEMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for Thayer & Noyes, T. Warhurst, John Lolow, G. R. Edeson, J. Livingston, Add Weaver, Ned Foster, Calvin Bruce, T. Waddee, Maggie Freel, J. Lawrence, John Wilson, Harry Stanwood, and Frank Berger.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, February 15th, 1864.

A dusty old Ash Wednesday ushered in the Lenten season of 1864, last week. Down with the dust was the universal exclamation, but no welcome sprinkler could be coaxed into service, so that we had to grin and bear it. We are now in the full enjoyment of Lent, a season when all good and pretty-behaved Christians are supposed to be dreadful pious; when visits to places of amusement are interdicted; when hash as a steady diet is tabooed; when parties, and balls, and *soirees*, and *dansantes*, and basement concert saloons are voted not the proper thing to do, and when we mourn in shoddy and dust for forty days and forty nights, and thus do penance for the evil things of which we may have been previously guilty. In olden times they used to observe Ash Wednesday by pelting a puppet called Jack o' Lent. A "Tale of a Tub" says of it:—

——"on an Ash Wednesday,
When thou didst stand six weeks the Jack o' Lent,
For boys to hurl three throws a penny at thee."

Not a very exemplary occupation for old timers to be engaged in for Lent; but there were some pretty hard old scallywags living in the earlier ages, of whose questionable doings there is frequent mention made in the book of holy writ, *vide* "Susan and the Elders" for a painful example. This Jack o' Lent seems to have been of some note in those days, for he is often alluded to by the funny old fellows who made rhymes for the people. In a ballad very appropriately called "Lenten Stuff," the following stuff appears:—

"Then Jake a Lent comes justlynge in,
With the hedpeece of a herynge,
And saythe, Repent yowe of your syn,
For shame, syrs, leve yower sweryngе:
And to Palme Sunday doethe he ryde
With sprots and herryngs by hys syde,
And makes an end of Lenton tyde!"

From which it is to be inferred that our "illustrious predecessors" were very sinful creatures, Jake or Jack o' Lent having to go around and admonish the old cusses to stop their swearing. We are no worse than the old timers, nor are we any better; we about hold our own. The old chaps appear to have had some trouble about their diet during the Lenten season, and one of their dishes on a certain day was fried peas or beans (on the plan of our pork and beans, probably): although not taking kindly to the diet prescribed for them, our ancestors looked forward to better fare at the end of the term, when they went in loose on roast pig goose, and such first class provender. Here's what one of the old machine poets says about that:—

——"In holy Lenton Season,
Ye will neither Beanes nor Peason,
But ye look to be let loose
To a pigge or to a goose."

The style of his little poem is not of the most *recherche* character, yet we presume it answered all purposes in those days. So much for the days of old. We do not observe Lent as we should do. As all signs fail in a "dry" season except a "heavy wet," so all "Fast" customs are swallowed up in our steadfast adherence to this "cruel war." The theatres continue as crowded as ever; even the Italian Opera Troupe finds it profitable to give the Lenten season the go-by, and perform at the Academy to multitudes of fast and preying people. There is no improvement in our general behaviour—the usual murders, robberies, and street brawls occur; and eating and drinking houses dispose of as much stuff to those ahungered and athirst as they did ere the season set in. We lay it all to the war. The war is an excuse for everything. Why if a soldier finds his family increasing during his absence from the domestic circle, his wife attributes it to the war. We know of one "devoted bride" who has had three children since the war began, and her husband has only written to her—has not seen her at all; another curious freak of Abe's policy in conducting the war, etc. We have heard of another woman who is drawing supplies from six different husbands, all in the army, each unconscious of his fellow-husband's status. So if the goodly season of Lent should be passed over without due observance, let our shortcomings be credited to the war. We'll make a verse of "Lenten Stuff" about it, as a set-off to the stuff composed by the old rhymers:—

If ye Lenten season ye would keep,
Be from temptation clear,
Eschew corned beef and such like stuff,
Likewise ye lager bier;
Nor touch nor taste ye whiskey skin,
Nor eke ye Bourbon queer,
But erst partake of Abraham's draft,
And be a sol-ji-eer.

.....Pity the romance of a poor young man, but tell us, ye cruel war-ists of the prospective draft persussion, why the Broadway Amphitheatre should be imitated by all theatres, Christians, principalities and powers. Because it keeps Lent. "So does a scarce old cook," spitefully rejoins our Jim. We'll break his jaw yet if he don't stop interfering with us.....The opera people are nearly all the time in trouble of some sort or other; if they are not on the sick list, on a bender, or like that, they are having some little family strife, or a turn up with chambermaids. One of these latter *contretemps* or *faux passes* was ventilated last week. It appears that in November last, while Signor Biachi was boarding at the house of Dr. Resenburger, 14th street near the Academy of Music, some evil-disposed person did take from Biachi's bureau a $100 bill. Annie Wilson, chambermaid, was charged with the theft, which she indignantly denied. Then Signorita Sulzer mysteriously appears upon the scene, and backs up Biachi. Then Annie Wilson pitches into Sulzer and gives her the face ache by saying that *she* knows as much about Biachi's room as anybody. This *was* rough. Oh! but it made Sulzer flare up; she just hauled off, and delivered her right, flush in the frontispiece of ye gentle Annie. The lovely Sulzer followed up her advantage by emptying a dish of melted fat upon the chambermaid (may be they had been cooking dough nuts). Sulzer is also charged with calling Annie a thief. She must have been in an awful tantrum to carry on so. All this time we lose sight of Biachi; guess he was afraid of the melted fat. Next day the two singers were arrested and bound over to answer, and while this binding over was going on, the Doctor also put his foot in it, and he, too, called Annie Wilson a thief. It is truly said that the last shall be first, so the Doctor, who cried thief, last, was tried first, but the jury were unable to agree, and were discharged. Biachi was next called up for trial, but after hearing witnesses, speeches, etc., the jury failed to agree, and they, too, were discharged. There was no harmony in their composition, at all. Signorita Sulzer's case was up on the 12th, but the lady didn't care to face the Court and gentlemen of the jury, and she became "indisposed," and the case was laid over till the 15th. Biachi is the man who plays the devil in "Faust," and Sulzer is the lady who does Siebel, in the same opera. Annie Wilson does the chambermaids in respectable families. Dr. Resenburgh physics people and so forth.

.....A number of sweetly scented envelopes, containing adorable little notes, tinted in the most delicate colors, and penned by the fingers of "love's young dream," met our bewildered gaze as we took a seat at our desk this morning. Silently and secretly did we peruse these tender missives. They told of the yearnings, of the emotions, of the heart-breakings of the lovely writers, whose affection we had unintentionally slighted, whose love we had let go by default. In the corners of these fragrant and delicate epistles were pictures of hearts, darts, cupids, hands clasped, etc., which told too plainly of our perfidy and Valentine's day, which till then we had forgotten. Another lot, hugesome and unscented, next caught our dimmed and piercing eye; some looked like Duprez & Green's mammoth posters. Sadly we opened them; they, too, were Valentines—making the most abusive fun of us, with picters to match. Some of the verses were outrageous, ending something like this:—

Go hide your head, you dismal writer,
I would'nt have a big prize fighter.

Evidently written by some girl who has not the pleasure of our acquaintance, and who took us for some other feller. Another sharp poem wound up in this style:—

Cruel traitor, guilty of every crime,
I'd die, ere I become *thy* Valentine!

Another case of mistaken identity, doubtless; but where ignorance is bliss, why should we undeceive her. There was one which put us so out of conceit of ourself, that we have scarcely dared to look a girl in the face ever since. One side of it was all picture, a man's head fastened on to the body of what appeared to be an immoral hyena, and painted in the most gorgeous red. The poetry had been composed out of a variety of books, we judged, and the verses strung together in the most torturing manner. The lines commenced thus:—

Oh! thou monster of such hideous mien,
That to be hated, is but to be seen;
An elephant, compared to thee, is far more fair—
Go, get thee gone—hide in some tiger's lair.

That was enough; we could read no more. We feared they would make a whole menagerie out of us before they got through, so we bunched the lot, and consigned them to the fiery furnace, lamenting that we hadn't the writers to throw in with them. How sweet to turn from such unpleasant pictures and unwholesome poetry to the delicious morsels that first attracted our notice. *They* compensate for all the pain we had borne in the perusal of those mammoth posters. And such pretty pictures, and such pretty talk, too. A sample of the treasures will suffice. They are too sacred for the public eye. Read thou:—

Oh, loved one, morn, noon, and night I dream of thee,
And murmur prayers that thou may'st think of me.
What treasures would I give to call thee mine,
To claim thee as my own sweet Valentine.

Now, there's some sense in verses like this, but deliver us from all such abominations as the menagerie style quoted above.

Kate Fisher brought her successful engagement to a close at the New Bowery on the 13th. Her farewell benefit took place on the 12th, and the audience was more than usually respectable in appearance, and very numerous. Bouquets were thrown, and a beautiful little dove found its way to her. Her performances have attracted large houses for six weeks, the most popular piece in which she appeared being "Mazeppa." The lovely Kate can come again with profit, for she has left a favorable impression behind her.

A complimentary benefit to Marietta Ravel, the talented and beautiful tight rope dancer, is to come off at Howe's Circus, 199 and 201 Bowery, on Friday evening, Feb. 19th, when a rare bill of attractions will be offered. In addition to the company, a number of artists from other establishments will appear and contribute to the entertainment of the lady's friends. Bear in mind that Friday evening, 19th, is the time set apart for the benefit.

Max Maretzek's Italians have had another excellent week's business at the Academy, even Lent failing to put a stopper on the pleasure-seekers. Biachi, who is mixed up in the new piece from real life, entitled "A $100 Greenback, or the Female Chambermaid," got taken down with uncomfortable sickness during the week, and was unable to appear.....Brignoli, who has had a good long furlough, will be drafted into Max' service again at an early day.....It is also rumored that a young lady, fresh and gushing, is soon to make her *debut* upon the operatic boards. Let us be ready to give the little thing a helping hand.

What more appropriate sensation for the season than a Sacred Bull? And we have it this week, in all its pristine piety, at Lent's Amphitheatre. It is trained to perform in the arena. In contrast with the quiet and unobtrusive character of the bull, a dashing buffalo will appear in the ring, and with Young Ducrow on his back, will perform the great hurdle act, leaping gates, bars, imaginary walls, and everything of the kind that grows on the great prairies of the far west. Then there's the jokes of the clowns, the vaulting of the gymnasts and acrobats, the riding of Mad. Tourniaire and others, all combining to make a Lenten Show of rare excellence. Families should bear in mind that afternoon entertainments are given on Wednesday and Saturday.

"Oh! Hush!" Have you seen it at Wood's Minstrels? It brings back old times, when T. D. Rice was in his glory, and the city was wild to catch a glimpse of the man who made a fortune by jumping Jim Crow, and had gold dollars for vest buttons. Well, "Oh! Hush!" is *redivivus*—we believe that's good French—and Frank Brower, Cool White, and others of Wood's excellent band, have performed it with so much success during the past that it is announced for repetition the present week.

It is said that the manager of Winter Garden will give a benefit in aid of the Sanitary Fund on Saturday *afternoon*. Why not give it in the evening, as Wallack did, and make it a benefit in earnest?

We all know how well Dan Bryant delineates the characteristics of the freedman. Well, equally great does he personate the agonies of the fiery, untamed steed-man, now running with much effect at Bryants' Minstrel hall, which is certainly among the most popular places of call in this wicked city. If you wish to witness every style and variety of Mazeppa, walk in Broadway above Grand street—a step or—may be, two; at Bryants' Minstrels they do 'em up so brown, that the Mazeppa biz is the talk of all the town. It's hypercoon and likewise hunkydora; and all for shillings too, nothing more, ah. We exclaim "ah," to get in a rhyme, trusting in *us* it won't be thought a crime: when such chaps as Byron and Frank Wood go such lengths to get in things not near so good.

The term for which Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams were engaged at Niblo's Garden, expired on the 13th inst., but they have been re-engaged, in order to accommodate the vast numbers who desire to see the new drama of the "Connie Soogah," so beautifully placed on the stage by Manager Wheatley, and the leading parts in which are so naturally performed by Mr. and Mrs. Williams. This great drama can remain upon the boards but a few weeks longer, as engagements previously entered into must be fulfilled. Go see the "Jolly Peddler" while you may, and while you have the fips in your pockets.

Thousands of persons continue to patronize the "House that Jack Built," at the Old Bowery Theatre. It is one of the most successful pantomimes ever produced anywhere, which is saying a great deal, we know, but which is borne out by the facts. Pantomime and making faces is G. L. Fox's *forte*, and he just eclipses himself in the new pantomime, while he is most ably supported by Tony Denier, C. K. Fox, and M'lle Martinetti in the other parts. Another matinee was given on Saturday last. Surely, such a Lent was never known before. Instead of doing penance in sackcloth and ashes, we are reveling in broadcloth and dust, and eating the best the markets can give us.

Blondin made money enough to set up an almshouse, just by performing dangerous-looking feats on the tight rope. We have not had much of that sort of sensation since he left for Europe. We have a chance just now, however, to see similar performances at Howe's Circus, in the Bowery, where John Denier walks the rope like a thing of life, and carries another thing of life on his back while on his perilous journey. Both men are apt to fall *any* night, and knowing the taste of the people for such sights, the place ought to be crowded this week. The great Marietta Ravel, tight ropist and danseuse, will also peril her precious and lovely neck to please the public.

The Richings English Opera Troupe will succeed Mr. and Mrs. Williams at Niblo's Garden.

We are to have "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" on the east side of town this week, the manager of the New Bowery announcing it for this evening, 15th inst; being the commencement of Mr. Eddy's engagement. The piece will be produced with all the accessories necessary to give full effect to all important points. The cast is as follows:—Robert Brierly, Mr. E Eddy; Hawkshaw, Mr. G. C. Boniface; May Edwards, Mrs. W. G. Jones; Green Jones, Mr. George Brookes; Sam Willoughby, Miss Kate Newton; Dalton, alias the Tiger, Mr. Marden; Emily St. Evremond, Miss Hathaway; Melter Moss, Mr. Glassford; Mrs. Willoughby, Miss Eldridge; Mr. Gibson, Mr. Winter; Maltby, Mr. Seabert. The scenery is new; mechanism new; and everything fresh. In addition to this drama Mr. Blanchard and his dogs will appear, this being their last week.

Baron Hackett promises to perform Falstaff, at the Academy of Music, on the 18th, positively for one night only. We trust his late punning effort at Norfolk has not left him entirely barren, and hope that he will give us "another one of the same sort."

More new contraptions at the Menagerie. While the sacred bull is enlivening the people *down* the street, a sacred cow has been called to do duty at Van Amburgh's Menagerie. This animal is worshipped by the inhabitants of Burmah, who look upon it as one of their gods. We do not ask our friends in the benighted city of New York to follow the example of the Burmese, but they can go one eye on the pious cow without fear of being struck blind, that's certain; we might add, however, that many of our folks bow down to worse things than educated cows. The Menagerie is a good place to visit, and we are glad to know that its projectors are making as much money as any managers in the country, and give their animals plenty of good, wholesome provender at that, which cannot be said of *some* managers. Another severe crack at *some* managers.

"Black Raven of the Tombs!" It sounds awful, doesn't it? Well, its better than it sounds, and they are doing it this week at Butler's American, 444 Broadway, with all its strange effects and weird-like music, if you know what that is. But this is only one of the many acts provided for the entertainment of the patrons of the American. There's the *ballet corps* for instance—with their pretty faces, embraceable shoulders, symmetrical ankles, and so forth. If a "Valentine" you would find, a girl just suited to your mind, one of the right and proper kind, whose clothes aint *all* with cotton lined—go seek her there. Should she not like you as a beau, she'll very quickly tell you so, by saying "my dear, you'd better go, your cake, you see, is only dough—I do declare."

Our common school system must be very extensive in its ramifications, for it takes in and does for all sorts, commissioners, teachers, scholars, and animals. Perhaps you think we are going to say something concerning the late scandal about the amourous school commissioners and pretty teachers, but no such thing—let the respectable dailies attend to such matters. What we mean to say is, that at the Museum they have an educated seal; at the Amphitheatre an educated sacred bull; and at the Menagerie an educated cow. Surely, we are progressing; but its harder to teach *some* human beings than it is to instruct brutes.

We visited Wallack's on Thursday evening last, to see the new English drama entitled "Pure Gold," which was presented for the first time on the 9th inst. The house was well filled, but not to an extent requiring the filling up of the aisles with portable seats. They were on hand, however, in readiness for any demand, and the orchestra aisle was blocked up with them. The drama of "Pure Gold" begins with a rather lengthy prologue, the first scene being the garden of a hotel at Baden Baden. The second scene is in the woods; the third being a duel by moonlight, one of the most effective pictures of the drama. The scenes of the drama proper are the drawing room of the residence of a Miss Fortescue, and its adjoining gardens. The plot is not intricate, and yet it is interesting enough to preserve general attention to its details. The language is very good, and the situations dramatically conceived. As a matter of course, the scenery and stage appointments were all that could have been desired; indeed, so artistic and finished is the style adopted at this theatre, in this respect, to say nothing of the effective personations of character, that it would be a poor play indeed that would not be attractive on the stage at Wallack's. When we see a play for the first time at Wallack's, therefore, we see it in its most presentable style of dress; in fact, it is in its best bib and tucker, as it were; and if it be amenable to censorious criticism under such circumstances, it may be set down as a comparatively mediocre production. Under these circumstances, therefore, we do not feel disposed to award that degree of commendation to "Pure Gold" that we might have done had we seen it in the rough first on some other stage, where the merits of the play itself would have been all it would have had to have stood upon. The plot is simple and somewhat transparent. In the prologue, the result of a duel leads to the conviction of an innocent man for the murder of his uncle, who was killed in the duel. Fifteen years elapse between the prologue and the drama. The convicted man returns to his home in England to find his daughter—his wife being dead from grief. The interest of the latter part of the play hangs upon the recognition of the father by his child, and the consequences of the act on her relations with those around her. Lester Wallack does the father, and when we remark that the personation is in his peculiar style, we have said enough, for all know what that is, it being pretty much the same in every part he undertakes. True, he dresses differently, and is either serious, or amusing, or *nonchalent* as the case may be, but we are never permitted to lose sight of Lester Wallack, Esq., "the handsome gentleman actor" of Wallack's company, his identity being unmistakable in every character he personates. Mrs. Hoey was the Miss Fortescue of the piece, and admirably did she play her part, being more natural in her act on and manner, and less conventional than we have seen her for a long time past. Floyd's Sir Gerald Vane, too, was a most effective representation, consistent with the author's idea, and devoid of the usual burlesque that is made of the same line of character. Miss Henriques was very effective in the latter scenes of the drama, but a little too child like in the first act. She pouts and acts like a Spingler Institute girl in her first interviews with her lover. Mark Smith was capital as Brackenbury, both in make up and rendition of the character. The feature of the prologue was the truly excellent acting of Mrs. Jennings, in the scene where her husband is brought in a prisoner. The other characters were well attended to by Messrs. Fisher, Norton, Daly, &c., who had but little to do comparatively. We presume this play will be added to the Wallackian repertoire, as it is fully as attractive as many that are included.

Mr. Gottschalk, the eminent pianist, commences his next series of concerts in this city, at Niblo's Saloon, on the 22d inst. His concerts over, he leaves for Europe.

Mr. John Schlesinger, the chess player, a native dramatist, has sold his "Orphan of Lowood" to Mrs. Methus-Scheller.

"The Ticket-of-Leave Man" still clings tenaciously to his old castle, the Winter Garden, and Mrs. Methus Scheller is howling in the distance, unable to demonstrate her talent and to give vent to her artistic ambition. The "Ticket Man" will not leave until the trees begin to leaf.

A "difficulty" occurred at a "side show" shop on the site of the old National Theatre, Chatham street, on the 12th inst, which resulted in the shooting of a man named Michael Purcell. It seems that the show was kept by two men named Valentine and O'Brien, and that Purcell had been "under salary" to them, but wishing an increase per day, they refused, and it is asserted that Purcell and his friends "went through" the place, Purcell being shot by Valentine in the "melee" that ensued. Two shots took effect in Purcell's body, and he was taken to the Hospital. Valentine gave himself up.

On Monday night, Feb. 8th, a house crowded to repletion greeted the first performance of the new burlesque on "Ill Trovatore" at Mrs. Wood's Olympic Theatre. Indeed, such was the demand for seats, that the management yielded, as on several previous occasions, to the request for portable seats in the aisles, and the result was the crowding together of a mass of people, who, in case of any accident by fire, might have been similarly sacrificed as were the assemblage of devotees at Santiago some months since. We had hoped that this reprehensible practice would have been ignored at such establishments as Mrs. Wood's and Wallack's, but even these capable caterers for the public cannot resist the temptations of adding a few dollars to their treasury at the risk of sacrificing the lives of hundreds of their patrons. Now that we have had our say on this subject, we will proceed briefly to comment upon the programme of the evening. The first piece was Planche's pretty little comedy of 'The Follies of a Night," in which Miss Henrietta Irving made her first bow to an Olympic audience. Apart from the fact that one or two of the actors in this piece were not well up in their parts, Miss Irving having to prompt them two or three times, the play was satisfactorily performed, Miss Irving especially making a very favorable impression, so much so as to be obliged to appear before the curtain at the close of the piece. We now come to the "Ill Treated Ill Trovatore," and never was a title more appropriately given to a piece of the kind. Burlesquing a drama is one thing, carricaturing an opera another. What, in the one case, would be a legitimate treatment of the play burlesqued, becomes little better than ridiculous unmeaning nonsense in the other. One fact should never be lost sight of in burlesquing an opera, and that is, to keep as much as possible to the musical text. "Punchify" the plot and language as much as you please, but give us as much of the music of the opera as you can. In this very "ill treated" burlesque of "The Trovatore," we have not more than three of four of the popular airs of the opera presented to us, while there are more than a *Baker's* dozen of street ballads worked in. Its all very funny, no doubt, and takes with the crowd, but its not opera burlesque after all. Of the performance of the piece, as adapted to the New York stage, we have to speak in praiseworthy terms. Davidge and Drew were especially excellent, both being in their favorable element. Their make up and admirable rendition of the character of the Count and the Gipsy was the feature of the presentation. Of course Mrs. Wood was at home, as she always is in burlesque, but yet we have seen her to better advantage. Miss Harris had not the opportunity for a full display of her ability in this department, but what she had to do was most effectively performed. The scenery and stage appointments were of great excellence, the first especially being an artistic production. The music was given in Baker's best style. In fact all that was lacking was the musical gems of the opera, which, as we said before, should be the feature of this class of burlesque. The only part that received an *encore* was Drew's singing of one of the favorite arias of the opera, which was a capital burlesque of the Academy rendition of the same. The same programme has been repeated throughout the week.

Cooke's Theatron was thrown open to the public on the evening of the 8th instant, when the initial performances took place. Long before the time for opening the doors arrived, a large crowd had assembled outside, anxious to be first in and get a good seat. The crowd finally became so large that it was but a few moments after the doors were opened that every available seat was occupied, and when the gas was turned on to its height and the first act in the ring, there was not even standing-room in this elegant structure devoted to the saw-dust business. The first act was a comic one called 'Blind Man's Buff," by three ladies and a gentleman on horseback. Miss Eliza Gardiner came next in a principal act of horsemanship, which was exceedingly well done and elicited much applause. Sam Lathrop made his bow and played clown to this act. The Horizontal Bar came next, performed not by the Conrad Brothers, as stated in the bills, but by Charles Conrad and one of the Denzer Brothers. Our space will not permit us to go into further details of the different acts, except to say that a double act of horsemanship by Nat Austin and Marie Macarte; the "Mariner's Return," by Charley Sherwood, Trick Pony Act; tumbling by the company; bare back act of horsemanship by Madame Sherwood; Juggling on Horseback, by Nat Austin; Indian Act, by W. Kincaide; Globe act on horseback by Mr. Denzer, and the comic scene of Mons. and Mad. Denni, constituted the entire performances. Taken as a whole, the programme was very badly made out; for it will be seen that out of twelve acts, ten were acts of horsemanship, and only two gymnastic acts. This building was erected no doubt for a permanent circus institution, and in order to make it such, the manager must so vary his programme that all classes will be pleased, and not devote his entire performances to horsemanship. There are plenty of acrobatic and gymnastic performers lying idle just now. Mr. Cooke made his appearance as "Motley," playing to an act of Mrs. Sherwood. During the act, Mr. Cooke made a speech, in which he very injudiciously referred to certain members of his own profession, speaking in no very complimentary terms. Mr Cooke should bear in mind that the public care nothing about his private quarrels; they patronize his place to be amused, and not to have his troubles forced upon them. If Mr. Cooke wishes to succeed as a clown, let him stick to that only, and not adopt Dan Rice's style of saw-dust oratory.

Edwin Blanchard and his performing dogs close a three months' engagement at the New Bowery, on the 20th instant. Their performances have added greatly to the interests of the entertainments given at that house. They open next at Philadelphia, commencing at the Continental on the 22d inst. See the card of Mr. Blanchard's agent, in another column.

Samuel French, of 122 Nassau street, has published "Pure Gold," the new play just produced at Wallack's, and also "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," now meeting with success at the Winter Garden. Those who do not attend theatres, will find in these books much to amuse, and admire.

The Harrison Opera Troupe intend leaving soon for Europe.

Miss Flora Ludell, said to be a young and promising *danseuse*, is now in Boston, getting ready to commence at Mrs. John Wood's Olympic in this city, as principal dancer.

A great sensation is promised us. Simmons, the great Conjuror, is coming to startle us by his wonderful magical performances. We recently noticed his arrival in San Francisco, where he created quite a *furore*. He is now on his way to the great metropolis. Simmons does some feats that no other magician has ever yet attempted. See his advertisement in another column, where he is shown with his own head under his arm, and the bared arm with the mysterious writing thereon. Stand aside for Simmons.

Those two dashing equestriennes, Kate Fisher and Leo Hudson, make engagements to do horse pieces under the auspices of the theatrical agency of Messrs. Conner & Co., 25 West Houston street, this city. M'lle Elise, J. H. Childers, the Sandford Troupe, W. J. Thompson, and last though not least, "Oceana," and M'lle Marie Zoe, follow the same wise example. Managers wishing to engage either or all of these stars in their line of business, should address the firm of Conner & Co., as per instructions in advertisements.

DRAMATIC.

Edwin Adams brought his two weeks engagement at the Indianapolis (Ind) Theatre to a close on the 13th inst. During his stay there he appeared as Hamlet, Richard, Charles de Moor, The Heretic, and William. He was supported by Mr. J. F. Noyes, who, it is said, is becoming quite a favorite at that establishment. Kate Denin Ryan and Sam Ryan are the stars this week.

O'Harra and Hill's theatre, at Elmira, N. Y., is still in operation. The spectacle of the "Naiad Queen" has been brought out and proved successful. This week the sensation drama of "The Southern Refugee" is the principal attraction.

Mollie Williams was the star last week at Frank Phelps' Elmira Theatre.

Manager Ellsler has been doing a clever little business with his dramatic company at the Columbus (Ohio) Theatre the past week. Sallie St. Clair and Charles M. Barras were the stars. They closed there on the 13th, and this week are at the Metropolitan, Buffalo.

At the Old Theatre, Nashville, the Couldocks, engagement was brought to a close on the 30th ult. J. Wilkes Booth was the next attraction, opening on the 1st inst. as Richard, and was welcomed by a crowded house.

The "Ticket-of-Leave Man" was produced at the Academy of Music, Albany, last week, with E. T. Stetson as Hawkshaw, S. Smith as Bob Brierly, and Kitty Fyffe as Sam.

Miss Avonia Jones commenced a short stay of it at the New Theatre, Nashville, on the 1st inst. On the 3d, she appeared as Leah, the Forsaken.

The dramatic company now performing at Colerick's Hall, Fort Wayne, Ind., with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Linden as the principal attraction, is, and has been for some time past under the management of Mr. Charles Plunkett. Mr. M. C. Bradley, the former managing agent, is no longer connected with the company. John Owens is playing with the troupe this week.

The Chicago *Times*, lately sued by Manager McVicker for slandering him and his institution, now turns about with the intention of giving Mac "a Roland for his Oliver" by sueing the gallant Son of Momus for defamation of character, libel, &c., through the theatre *Programme*. Won't there be lots of fun.

The Holman Opera Troupe were at Utica all last week.

Marian Macarthyis in the insane asylum at Indianapolis, Ind.

Edwin Adams, who has been playing a most excellent engagement in Indianapolis, attained his 30th year of age on the 31st inst., when a select party celebrated the occasion by a dinner at the Bates House.

J. W. Booth is playing on a circuit for a surety of $300 per week. The theatres he plays in are Wood's at Cincinnati, Wood's Louisville, and Nashville, Tenn.

Helen Western commenced at the Pittsburgh Theatre on the 8th inst., to a good house. On the 10th she appeared as the 'French Spy." A correspondent speaks in very severe terms of the company of the Pittsburgh, and thinks Mr. Henderson should engage some better stock performers than he has at present in his company. Pittsburgh and the surrounding towns contribute to the support of the theatre, as it is; but would turn out in much stronger force if a good company were engaged.

"The Menken" continued to rage in California at last advices, and "press and public" crooked the "pregnant hinges" at her shrine. She was going on with her second engagement at Maguire's, San Francisco, and up to the middle of last month she played in the State sixty-nine nights, thirty seven of them being Mazeppa nights. She had received, in that time, eighteen thousand dollars in gold, which, exchanged for green backs at the present premium on gold, would make a comfortable little pile. She receives one third of the nightly receipts whenever she plays, and her business has been very large. The lovely Adah seems to have struck the gold vein of the California heart.

Mr. and Mrs. Noyes will, as will be seen by advertisement elsewhere, be disengaged after March 1st, and wish engagements in juvenile, light comedy, first singing chambermaids, boys, and parts of that ilk. For address, see advertisement.

Miss Marie Boniface was announced to appear at Grover's Washington Theatre on the 13th inst. as Jack Sheppard.

Miss Laura Keene's first benefit in Washington came off on the 12th inst.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers took a benefit at Ford's Theatre, Washington, on the 12th inst., appearing as Pauline in the French sensation play of the same name.

Lester Wallack's play of "Rosedale" is in rehearsal at Ford's Washington Theatre.

Business showed a slight falling off with Maggie Mitchell last week at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati. Vestvali is the star this week.

Acting copies of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" are now ready, and may be procured of Alex. Fisher, bookseller, corner of Twelfth and Coates streets, Philadelphia.

Messrs. Welsh Edwards and Ed. S. Trower have opened Crescent City Hall, Evansville, Ind., with a dramatic company for a brief period. The company consists of Mr. and Mrs. Welsh Edwards, St. Clair Nicholson, Nat Lander, Harry Franklin, G. Harrison, and Miss K. Vestries. The initial performance took place on the 8th inst., and consisted of "Old Phil's Birthday" and "Our Country Cousin."

Miss Kate Raymond and Mr. O. B. Collins concluded on Saturday night, Feb. 13th, at the Continental Theatre, Philadelphia, one of the most successful engagements ever played there. For thirty-six nights they have nightly crowded this large theatre, and but for other engagements, a correspondent says, they could have remained six weeks longer, such is the great success they have achieved in their equestrian pieces. The new dramas written expressly for them by John F. Poole, (and which, we understand, are copy-righted by their agent, Mr Gates), have proved very attractive, particularly "The Border Spy, or the Trapper's Last Shot," a piece full of situations and sentiment so well suited to these stirring times.

Miss Mary Mitchell brought her two weeks engagement at Wood's Louisville Theatre to a close on the 13th. This week she appears at the Nashville Theatre, to remain two weeks.

R. Montgomery Field, an *attache* of the Boston press, has accepted the position of acting and stage manager of the Boston Museum, made vacant by the death of Mr. Keach.

Mr. Joseph Proctor opened at the Norfolk (Va.) Opera House on the 8th inst. in "Virginius," but owing to suffering from a severe hoarseness did not make a very favorable impression.

R. E. J. Miles and Addie Proctor were the stars last week at Fuller's Louisville Theatre. The former appeared as Claude Duval, and the latter as Mazeppa, on the same evening.

John S. Clarke commenced a brief engagement at the Alexandria (Va.) Theatre on the 8th inst., opening in "Our American Cousin" and "Toodles."

The Rouse Combination Troupe was at Harrisburg, Pa., last week.

Nothing transpired in dramatic circles in Brooklyn last week of any special importance, if we except Mr. Pike's benefit at the Park, a crowd being present on the occasion, Miss Herring being the attractive card. On Monday and Thursday, Harrison's Opera Troupe performed the "Bohemian Girl" and "Maritana," the latter being for the benefit of Campbell. On the same night Maretzek treated the Brooklynites to "Norma," with Medori in the cast. Biachi was not present, and his substitute was greatly in need of the prompter's assistance throughout.

Artemus Ward had reached the great Salt Lake City, in Utah Territory, and he thus speaks of the theatre there: DEAR QUEEN, I enclose you a "bill of the play" from this—the centre of Mormondom. The company of the Salt Lake City Theatre at present consists of two professionals only, and a host of amateurs, the former being Mr. and Mrs. Irwin, and the latter the members of the Church of Latter Day Saints, of which Mr. Brigham Young is president.....So remarkable is this theatre in the wilderness that a few items concerning it may be of interest. That it is remarkable, results from more than one reason. In the first instance it is situated just five hundred miles from any theatre to the westward, and six hundred miles from any theatre to the east. The north pole is about the nearest notable thing in a boreal direction, and the cathedral of Mexico about the first large edifice in a southerly one. In the next place, the playhouse has been built by a church, is owned by the Archbishop of that church, has churchmen to manage it, saints to play in it, and its play-bills are published from the pulpit on Sundays. There is no theatre on the Pacific coast and only three or four on the Atlantic, which compare favorably with it in size. Its dimensions are 144x80 feet; the stage has a depth of 60 feet, is 34 feet broad between the proscenium wings, and has six entrances. The house holds nearly three thousand persons, has parquet, dress circle, and second and third circles. It is decorated in white and gold, and illumined by means of massive coal-oil lamps. The cost of its erection was $200,000; or rather, that sum will have been expended on it by the time of its completion. The nights of performance are Saturday and Wednesday only. Admission to the dress circle is $1; to the second circle, fifty cents; to the third circle, twenty-five cents. The parquet is seventy-five cents, and is that part of the house most frequented by the Mormons, who have large families of many wives, and children in proportionate ratio. Every part of the house has been constructed after the plans and under the supervision of Mormon architects and builders. It has extensive dressing-rooms, a large wardrobe, and every convenience for working a large theatre.....There is a rumor, by the bye that Mr. Forrest is coming here. Mr. Clawson, the manager of the theatre, tells me that he believes Mr. Forrest is about to visit California, and will call in at Salt Lake City on his way. That will be a rather remarkable event in theatrical annals. However, I shall appear on its boards before Mr. Forrest does. More than one thousand tickets for it have already been sold. .

Mrs. D. P. Bowers commences at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, on the 22d inst.

Edwin Booth is the star this week at Grover's Washington Theatre, supported by Mr. Charles Barron.

Mrs. English, the industrious and go-ahead manageress, advertises her new season to commence about the 1st of April. She intends to make some changes in her troupe, and invites artistes who want a pleasant situation and sure pay to a correspondence. The Troupe St. Denis are now in Quincy, Illinois, will go to Galesburg and Peoria, and be in Chicago about the 1st of March, where applicants are requested to send their letters.

Henry C. Jarrett has secured a lease of the Boston Theatre, and will assume the management of that house on the 1st of August, when Mr. Marshall's term expires. The directors signed the papers in favor of Mr. Jarrett on the 13th inst. We understand that the new manager intends to gather around him one of the best companies in the country.

The Tremont Theatre, Boston, has laid aside the "Ticket-of-Leave Man," and "Still Waters Run Deep" has taken its place. "Wallack's latest novelty" is announced as in rehearsal. Miss Rose Skerrett, (Mrs. Shewell) formerly of the Museum, has joined the company. Her Bim, in "Neighbor Jackwood," at the latter theatre, was a remarkably good piece of acting, and is well remembered by Boston theatre-goers.

Kate Denin concluded a two weeks engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre, Rochester, on the 12th inst. She goes to Indianapolis. The following pieces were introduced at the Metropolitan during the last week of her engagement:—"The Bohemian Mother," "East Lynne," "Camille," "Our American Cousin," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The latter was presented upon Miss Denin's benefit night, on which occasion Miss Alice C. Booth, aged 8 years, daughter of a well-known citizen, made her *debut* as Little Eva. Her performance was surprising, and the Rochester papers speak of it as surpassing that of the famous little Miss Marsh, who created considerable *furore* in that character. "Uncle Tom" was repeated Saturday night, and is to be put on one or two nights this week.

"The Ticket-of-Leave Man" was to commence at the Rochester Theatre on the 15th inst.

C. W. Couldock and daughter are still playing at the Buffalo Theatre. They commence an engagement at the Rochester Theatre on the 25th inst.

O'Harra and Hill's Theatre is in operation at Elmira. The last novelty was the "Naiad Queen." There was from 15,000 to 20,000 soldiers in Elmira, and anything in the shape of a show draws crowded houses.

Miss Matilda Heron has played Miriam, in "Miriam's Crime," for the first time in America, to the largest and finest audiences yet seen at the Howard, Boston, this season.

Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann is playing "Narcissa" in Boston, on the off-nights of Mr. Forrest, and large and critical audiences have witnessed his impersonation. He receives a call before the curtain at the close of each act, so demonstrative is the appreciation of his truly artistic rendition. For naturalness, earnestness, and adequate conception and expression of the author's pungent wit and satire, he is unsurpassed, and the "points" of

(For Continuation of Theatrical Record, see page 378.)

THE BURIAL OF SANDY'S DOG.

Not a growl was heard, not a yelp nor a bark,
As his carcase from Mott street we hurried;
And only some Chinamen followed, to mark
The spot where poor Towser we buried.

We dragged him away from the place where he died—
Where the sausage makers had slain him—
With *Pepper*, and *Jack* and *Old Ruff* by our side,
And we sought for a grave to contain him.

No box or barrel enclosed his breast,
Nor mat nor potatoe sack bound him,
But he lay like a dog that was taking his rest,
With the flies all buzzing around him.

Few and short were the words that we said,
But we gazed, with a feeling sickenin',
On the form of a son of a dog who lay dead,
And we bitterly thought of the strychnine.

We thought, as we gazed on the lifeless form
Of the meanest cur in the county,
That the fellow who gave him the "pizen" was one
Who deserved to be paid a big bounty.

Lightly we spoke of the quadruped gone,
And dog-matized over his vices;
And we scornfully jeered at the sausage-man's moan,
And the consequent rise in his prices.

We dragged him to *Sweeperville's* beautiful bay,
When the tide was at ebb on the ocean,
And found a deep hole, where the victim might lay,
Undisturbed by the billow's commotion.

And then, having covered his body with stones,
We left him alone in his glory—
Resolved that his death should be put all in print,
That the CLIPPER should tell the sad story.

BROADWAY BELOW THE SIDEWALK.

PRETTY WAITER GIRLS
AND
UNDERGROUND CONCERT HALLS.

NUMBER SIX.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BALLARD'S "WHAT IS IT."

The block on Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets, is just about the liveliest part of York city both in and out of doors. Showmen, actors, pugilists, and fast men of every description are all attracted to this spot by some sort of magnetic influence, and we might say that night is turned into day, for by the time most of the saloons get closed, the milkman, butcher, country marketeer, and gutter snipe are just commencing their day's business. It was on this block that Bill Poole met with the fatal bullet which sent him to that bourne from whence no traveler returns. That happened over nine years ago, yet it scarcely seems as many months to residents of Gotham. Just above what used to be Stanwix Hall is the spot where the Benicia Boy and Bill Hastings had their memorable clinch, and within pistol shot the trysting-ground where Pat Matthews and Figzie measured their lengths on the pavement—later still Sir Andrew Sheehan and Gen. Morrissey had it hot and heavy for a little while, and we might say without fear of contradiction that scarcely a night in the year rolls by but *lex talionis* is the motto between man and man, and that somebody or other doesn't get mauled: it's a pretty warm neighborhood, "vich nobody will deny."

No. 600 is right in the liveliest spot of all—the upper floors are occupied by Charley Ottignon as a gymnasium and pistol gallery, the ground floor by Otis Field, whose immense billiard rooms run clear through into Crosby street, and the basement as an underground concert hall. A year or so ago, No. 600 was known as Lent's Menagerie, and 'twas while he had the building that a couple of side showman named Cady Howe and A. M. Ballard thought that being pretty well known in the business they might pick up a few odd dollars by locating in this particular spot, probably intending when the Menagerie closed, to close their concern also. They did so, and christened their bantling "The What Is It"—a curious name, forsooth, from which many have entertained the idea that it was a devilish hard place. This is not so, and the very name is fraught with astounding developments of adventures by flood and field belonging to the so-called "connecting link between man and monkey." Be it known, therefore, to all men by these presents, that Ballard is the Yankee who first exhibited the What Is It as a nondescript some two years before he ever found his way into Barnum's, under the name of the Wild African Boy. He also had charge of the little deformed nigger for a year or more when he made his *debut* at the Museum, and understands the nature of the animal better than some other people. We never believed a tenth of the yarns about the young gentleman of African descent; but this we do know that once upon a time we had company at the Moral Elephant Show, on a Wednesday afternoon, and were just about leaving the room, when the "moke" winked at our country cousin most unmistakably. Having the reputation of great pugilistic prowess throughout Connecticut, and to show off before the insulted one, we inserted our claws into the rascal's calf, and demanded an apology; instead of making which, however, he turned around and called us, in unmistakable English, one of the hardest names outside the Koran. So much for the What Is It himself—now for a few words about the saloon which adopts his name as the attraction to induce citizens, strangers and foreigners to walk in and see what's going on there.

By the picture of his indescribable majesty on the outer walls, with nothing to wear but an old red fire shirt, grasping the branch of a tree like the witches in Macbeth, a person might imagine that his "nibs" was one of the "pretty waiters," because it says the What Is It is "free to all." The painting is a pretty good likeness of the party it is intended to represent, and unlike photographs and similar pictures from life, is not apt to flatter the original.

Over the door is a revolving light of various colors, cunningly devised, wheels within wheels, which, when in working order, looks very showy: it is moved by clock-work, but hasn't been going the rounds lately, owing to some disarrangement in its internals. Descending a dozen steps or so, another painting, done in oil, represents a couple of young virgins, with very red faces and very low-necked dresses, waiting on a party of gentlemen who are to all appearances enjoying life while it lasts, with the idea that when they cash in their checks there won't be no more such high times below stairs—in which they are about right. One of the "female clerks" has a very rakish air, is dressed somewhat like the famous Queen Mab, with the What Is It grinning all over his sensuous mug, holding up her train behind. The other clerk is casting sheep's eyes at a dashily attired substitute broker, while he is slipping his arm affectionately amidships around the fair damsel's waist: this makes up the group of fast boys and fast girls. Upon pushing open the green baize door, still another figure of female loveliness, small feet, large calves, and other things in proportion, attracts your eye—it is the figure of some dancing girl who lived in the nineteenth century, and has served as a likeness probably for half a dozen different people. We were informed that this girl first danced upon one leg and then the other, and between the two she made her living, which we are not prepared to dispute with nobody.

Having analyzed the exterior, suppose you accompany us into the interior. We are not on any "hurrah," mind you—we simply go in to have a quiet look around and judge for ourselves of the looks of things inside. The bar is the first thing of importance, behind which stood a youthful sport with a goatee, ever ready to serve up fancy or plain drinks just as long as the stamps last—at least such was our inference from the handwriting on the wall, "No Money Lent, and No Trust." Taking our usual beverage, cider, we sidled up alongside a pink dress covering the well-formed bust of a young lady, known as Lucy, one of the old stand-bys of the establishment, as we afterwards learned from a constant frequenter to the "What Is It." We ascertained from Lucy all that we now tell you. After discussing some of Abe Lincoln's broadest jokes over a small bottle, and an argument on political economy, free trade, hoop skirts, Dr. Cheeseman's pills and miscegenation, we were invited to "take a look at the pictures." Begging to be excused, as our idea was different from hers, with gentle persuasion she succeeded in making us go one eye on the stereoscopes which extend all the way down the centre of the room. Instead of "gems for gentlemen only," and French pictures "taken from life," the stereopticon contained views of cities, rivers, rural scenery, with here and there a fast looking picture, but not one particle worse than a group of European theatrical celebrities on view in the broad sunlight on the most frequented part of Broadway. These views were part and parcel of Ballard's traveling side show when he was on the road with Bailey & Co., following up the spangle-bottoms and circus riders. We have seen "views" in a well-known stopping place on the road which beat all the model artists shows in the world, and yet nobody tries to put a stop to their exhibition.

Under Lucy's protection we explored all the ins and outs of the place, gazed together on pictures of Venus and Hebe, and criticized them like regular connoisseurs. Having visited every place but the "wine rooms," and a large party entering who would have nobody but Lucy to wait upon them, we were left alone in our glory; but there was still another damsel whose affections had not yet manifested themselves—the boss of the targets, a young lass evidently of German extraction, to whom we popped the question as to how much she charged for a shot. "To you, my dear, two shots for three cents," says she in accents sweet as the echoes from a crack flutist. "But it's no use shooting alone—wont you oblige, darling, by accepting our challenge?" put in the writer: and she did accept, and beat us nine rounds in succession, so that anybody who expects to tie with the Teutonic lass must have a quick eye and a steady hand. The target has four figures, one each side of the main figure, with pipes in the mouths and cards on the tops of the head; the centre object is an elderly gentleman not unlike Toodles, and when he gets hit in a certain spot, down goes his corporosity and up jumps a blooming girl in his place. The design is quite an original one.

The What Is It has only seven girls, and furthermore doesn't want any more, who have all been there a long time, and conduct themselves very ladylike towards all who behave themselves. Ballard is a regular Yankee, with a patriarchal black beard, of slender *physique*, who endeavors to have his place conducted right. No lovers, setters, or dead beats meet with any encouragement here, but the customers are of a very respectable-looking order, including many of the show people, when on a visit to the city. The main room is not a very large one, and there are no "uproar singers," nothing except a piano, which is stationed near the entrance, so that all can hear the music. Around the room are Christmas trees and various kinds of pictures, and for a quiet hour with a buxom girl to talk and drink with, we know of many worse places than the What Is It Saloon at No. 600 Broadway.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

A MERRY MILL FOR HALF A CENTURY.

Tom Allen and Bingey Rose, who hail respectively from Birmingham and Nottingham, fought in the London district, on Jan. 28th, when the representative of the "hardware village" won under half an hour. They had originally to fight on the 26th, but as the fixture and other arrangements were incautiously published, the authorities were on the alert; the consequence was that a long morning's work was followed by an afternoon's disappointment, and the men came home without having a taste of their capabilities. Tom Allen, who was born on April, 29, 1840, stands 5ft. 9½in., and, according to articles, weighed 10st. His first battle was with Connor, of Birmingham, for £10, when Allen won. In November, 1861, he quickly beat Gold, at 9st 10lb, for £20. Soon after, he received forfeit from Peter Millard, and had a draw with Crutchley, the latter being bound over to keep the peace in July, 1862. In the following month, he was defeated by Posh Price, in an off-handed match, for £15 a side, at the Clock, at Bricknell, after fighting 55 min. He trained at the Anchor Inn, Birmingham, and arrived in London early on Monday morning, at "Ould Nat's," whence he took his departure each morning of the meeting.

William (Bingey) Rose is a native of Basford, near Nottingham, where he was born on January 15, 1840. He is 5ft. 7in. in height, and weighed 9st 12lb on Tuesday. He has only fought once in the ring, when he proved victorious over Manning, of Bristol, after fighting forty-four rounds, in 1 hour 45 min. For the present match he was backed from the Generous Briton, Nottingham, where he trained. He arrived in London on Monday morning, and took up his quarters at Bob Travers', Castle street, attended by his trainer, Joe Faulkner, of Birmingham. The weighing took place at Bob Travers', on Monday, when both men were found to be well within weight, Tom Allen being a good pound under the allowed 10st, and Rose did not pull down the scale at more than 9st 11lb. Tom Allen appeared very well, but Rose looked fatigued from his ride to town, and was suffering from the effects of boils having broken out all over his body. The disappointment on Tuesday did not do Rose any good, for in the evening he found out that the left knee was going to be adorned with carbuncles, which caused him such pain that he was unable to sleep; still Rose would not forfeit, and when the stakeholder, at the meeting called on Wednesday, named Thursday for the mill, he was quite as jubilant as Allen, although the latter must at least have put on half a stone to his weight. A trip eastward was ordered, but although everything was tried to baffle the authorities, they were present at more than one spot. The ring was pitched at a quarter-past two o'clock, and the men at work at half-past.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. When the men left their corners, it appeared any odds upon Allen, who was much the taller and muscular in frame, as well as the longer in the reach. He stood in a very good attitude, the left being well advanced and never idle, and the right across the mark. Bingey Rose, when he hobbled from his corner, presented a marked difference to his opponent. He had the scars of recent boils upon his face, and was lame from the two carbuncles already mentioned on his left knee, which prevented him getting about the ring in anything like form, as he could not bend his left knee at all, and consequently looked more like a candidate for Greenwich Hospital than for fistic honors. He threw himself into a very neat attitude with his arms, and the method in which he commenced proceedings showed it was not his intention to waste any time in sparring and feinting. After a few feints and moves to obtain an advantage, Rose led off with the left, but was out of distance. Allen broke away, and Rose hobbled after him; Allen suddenly stopped, and planted a very long shot on the mark. Rose persevered, and got his left well home on the nose; Allen tried his right, but, being short in his delivery, Rose got on a little one on the right eye without any return. Allen was riled, and forced counters with the left, but, finding he had no chance, he broke away; Rose followed him as well as he could on the ropes, where they fought at half-armed distance, until Allen was seized by Bingey and cleverly thrown, Rose falling upon him. Time, 3min.

2. Allen, from a free use of his legs, was first to the mark, and sparred viciously when Rose faced him. Allen lost no time in letting drive with the left at the head, but Rose escaped by hopping out of reach. Allen followed, and as Rose limped away, he got home with both hands on the top of the head. Bingey, as soon as he recovered his balance, got his left twice on Allen's face—the one on the mouth drawing the ruby (first blood claimed and allowed for Rose), and the other, which visited the left eye, making Allen wink and blink like an owl. The backers of Rose were in ecstasies, and wanted to take all the two's to one they could, but the Allenites were cautious, and refused to be extravagant. Rose attempted to take the lead, and succeeded so far, that he pinked Allen twice on the mouth and eye, which brought on counters with the left on the face. Rose slung his right at the head but missed; Allen, who was bustled, broke ground, missing with both hands. As he got back, Rose, as well as he knew how, followed him, receiving a severe right hander on the side of the head, which, however, did not stop him in his rush for the close, when Allen, in getting back, fell, receiving a right-hander on the top of the head as he was going down.

3. Rose was instantly at work, and forced left-hand counters, each investing on the nose. Rose limped out of distance, Allen after him; but, being met with a well-intended but light left-hander on the nose, he stood back, amidst shouts of "Where's two to one, now?" Allen was riled, and followed Rose to the ropes; they exchanged a couple of random hits, when they grappled, and Rose threw Allen and added his own weight to the fall by being fairly on top.

4. Rose, in consequence of his lameness, could not afford to waste any time, so tried with the left at the head, but his left leg being useless, he missed, and a second attempt was not much more successful, as, in order to reach his man, Rose hit almost open-handed. Allen slung his right on to the left ear, staggering Rose, when they closed, and some half-armed hitting took place, in which both were busy, until Allen, by superior weight, forced his man to the ropes, where, after a scrambling bout, both were down, side by side.

5. Although Rose had much the best of the fighting up to this time, when he came up it was evident something was materially wrong with him. Cold shivers had attacked him, and the work that he had done in his crippled state made him almost helpless. He was bleeding from the mouth and nose, as well as being flushed on both cheek-bones. Allen had both eyes slightly discolored, and his lips swollen. Rose was short with the left at the head, Allen also being out of distance with both hands. Rose tried once more, but, hitting open-handed, Allen told him to close his hands, and then delivered a long-ranger on the mark, receiving a little one on the nose. Allen followed Rose round the ring, and, getting him to the ropes, was stopped in his rush by a right-hander on the chest, which made Allen stand back. When they got within distance, Allen missed with his left, but, meeting with better luck with his right, he invested so heavily on the left ear, that the one-legged hero was staggered: Allen followed up his advantage by closing, and, after a short struggle, throwing Rose heavily.

6. It was even thus early evident that Rose ought not to have entered the ring, for he was getting weaker and weaker every minute, and it was painful to witness the manner in which he hobbled from his second's knee when time was called. The effects of the blows given and received were scarcely perceptible on either of the men, but illness was telling with fatal effect on Rose. The "Brum" forced the fighting until they reached the ropes, where Rose used both hands effectively and broke away. Allen followed him up, missed the right twice, then closed, and, by dint of sheer strength, lifted Rose in his arms, and then, swinging him off his legs, disposed of him by throwing him heavily.

7. Allen, who was up first, started the fighting by landing his left on the mouth, drawing a fresh tap. Rose visited the body warmly with his right, but, being weak, he could not stop Allen's rush to a close, and being forced to the ropes, some rapid exchanges passed, in favor of Rose, who eventually threw Allen, and fell on him. Time, 19 min.

8. As soon as Rose could manage to get to the scratch, Allen tried to invest with the left, but, being very short, Rose got well home on the body with his right. Allen followed his man up, and got on to the mouth, turning on the tap. Rose retaliated on the nose, but with no effect. Allen broke ground, Rose followed as well as he could, and got his right on the mark heavily. The "Brum" placed a good one on the nose with his left, Rose countering, but not with a closed fist. Allen, finding that the Notts representative was comparatively harmless, went to work, and forced a close, but, after a struggle across the ring, Rose cross-buttocked him, and fell on him heavily. Time, 21 min.

9. Allen had a bump on each cheek-bone, and his mouth also swollen. Rose was bumpy on the forehead, and his lips discolored. Bingey was willing and anxious to fight, but could not get about from the carbuncles on his knee, otherwise Jack would have been as good as his master; he was also fast recovering from the "shivers." The hitting was fairly divided, but Rose was the recipient of most punishment, as Allen was strongest in his deliveries, while poor Bingey only hit with his half opened hand. Allen, after some shifty fighting, followed Rose to the ropes, where good exchanges followed, until the "Brum" twisted poor Rose off his balance, and fell heavily on him.

10 and last. Rose, when he was within reach, got his left fairly home on the nose, but not with effect. Allen, who also chopped and twisted with his left, missed several attempts to land the right on the jaw. Rose visited the body several times with the right, receiving on the mouth in return, but missing a right-hander on the body, was cross-countered heavily with the right on the nose, and with such force that he staggered back to the ropes, where he fell helpless. Allen walked to his corner, and waited until time was called, when it was patent that it would only be cruelty to send Rose up, and the sponge was thrown up in token of his defeat, after they had been fighting 29 min. It was some time before Rose recovered from the stunning effects of the cross-counter, which had inflicted a cut at least an inch in length. Rose for some time was in a very prostrate condition from the pain he suffered in his knee, and, although his friends did all they could to cheer his drooping spirits, he could not look happy or contented, but growled at his bad luck in having such an infliction as he was suffering from, which he positively averred was the only cause of his defeat.

REMARKS.

The bodily ailment which afflicted Rose caused the above contest to be almost without any features of interest during the ten rounds that were fought, but, from the manner in which Rose was all over Allen at the commencement of the mill, had he been well, there can be no doubt that a rattling encounter would have ensued. Allen was much the heavier man on Thursday, as well as being much the taller, but did not accomplish as much as his friends expected, to which, in some measure, may be attributed his over-eagerness in the first few rounds. It was a cruelty to have allowed Rose to fight, more especially as the backers of Allen preferred to take £10 to postpone the fight for a month, and, whatever wish Rose might have expressed to try conclusions, discretion ought to have been mixed with valor, and a brave and good man have had an equal chance with his opponent.

JIM MACE AND HIS BETTER HALF IN THE DIVORCE COURT.—On the 26th of January the British Champion's suit against his wife and Mr. Roberts (with whom it is alleged she has committed herself) came on for hearing: "Jeems" prayed for a dissolution of his marriage on the ground of adultery. Mr. Roberts' counsel applied for leave to serve the writ on the co-respondent, by substituted service, as his present address could not be discovered; and after reading some affidavits the application was granted.

BOB TRAVERS SHOWS AN AMERICAN THE ROUNDS.—A case was brought up before Mr. Yardley at the Marlborough Police Court on the 28th ult., wherein an alleged Southerner was the defendant, and a sporting publican the complainant. The boniface had taken a revolver from the Southerner because he used it menacingly in his bar-room, and wanted to know whether he was justified in giving up the pistol to its owner. The defendant, on being examined, said he owned the revolver. Bob Travers had volunteered to show him round the city, and he had been spending his money all day treating Travers, and when in the house where the difficulty occurred, he was pushed about by the negro. As he didn't want to be pushed about by a black man, or to fight with an English fighting man, he merely drew his revolver to show how people in America protected themselves when the odds were against them. For doing this, Travers said he would give him a smack in the head, and the landlord and others then surrounded him, and took the weapon away from him. He also admitted being somewhat the worse for liquor, and denied intending to use the weapon. The police justice was very lenient with him, let him off on his own recognizance, being a stranger and unable to procure bail, and he was to have been brought up on the following day, when the case would probably be dismissed and his pistol be returned.

A GAME FIGHT was decided in the Birmingham district on Jan. 26th and 27th, between Mick Maley and Jack Crogan for £20, at 104 lbs. On the first day, in the first ring, they fought 22 rounds; in the second, 6 rounds; and on the next day, 43 rounds more, most of them of the most desperate and skillful character. The change from one ring to another on the first day, and the postponement to the following day, were caused by the interference of the police. The result was a victory for Maley in 71 rounds, occupying 2 hours, 9 min. The valor of both men is spoken of in the highest terms of eulogy.

THE PLAYERS IN COURT.

A FLARE-UP IN CALIFORNIA ABOUT ACTING ON SUNDAY.

The subjoined is a *verbatim* of the proceedings of the Court of Investigation concerning the recent malicious "breakage" of the Sunday Law at Sacramento by a company of profane players—Justice Shallow presiding. Parties summoned to appear, in characteristic "devil-me-care" costume: Thos. Maguire, Adah Isaacs Menken (Fiery Untamed Steed), W. Stevenson, Frank Mayo, J. B. Booth, L. Aldrich, D. C. Anderson, Wm. Barry, J. Griffiths, Earl, C. L. Graves, and one or two others—meaning "Old Buck."

MINUTES OF THE COURT.

JUSTICE SHALLOW—Order in the court! Sheriff, call the names of the criminals indicted for a violation of the Sunday Law—see, too, that they answer.

CLERK [recent pedler of Bibles]—D. C. (spells) A-n-d—D. C. Andirons.

ANDERSON, indignantly—Anderson, you dunce, Anderson. Trifle not with the name of an honorable member of a persecuted profession, or by the gods—

SHALLOW—*Silence!* Mr. Anderson.

CLERK—J. B. (spells) B-double-o—J. B. Boots.

BOOTH, wrathfully—Booth! *Booth!* you dolt! Shade of my mighty father! must I endure this shoemakering with my name?

SHALLOW—Silence in this yer court, or I'll impose a fine that will strike tragedy *dum!* Mr. Sheriff, pars me that list and a chaw of tobacco.

[The sheriff yields the list reluctantly.]

MAYO, *solo voce*—Let the galled jade wince—*our* cognomens are unwrung.

GRIFFITHS, rising hastily—Yer Honor, might I be permitted to remark—

SHALLOW—Yes, when you are called upon—sit down! Mr. Anderson, as the senior offender in this breach of moral trust, if you have anything to say in your own behalf, the Court will hear half of it.

ANDERSON, rising with impressive dignity—Most potent, grave, and reverend signior, that I have violated your Sunday Law, it is most true. The very head and front of my offending hath this extent, no more—

SHALLOW—It is enough!

ANDERSON—I will a round unvarnished tale deliver.

SHAL.—Curtail the tale. The very *frunt* of your offence is rank, and smells to Heaven! Why did you so?

AND.—For *cash!*

SHAL—'Nuff said; sit down and stand committed.

MAYO—Oh, *nihil fit!*

SHAL.—Ah! I knew not that. Who fit he with?

AND.—An ass! my halidame, an ass!

SHAL.—Then it concerns us not.

GRIFFITHS, rising abruptly—Yer Honor, I implore you to treat—

SHAL.—It's no time to treat; besides, it's not my turn to treat. Down, purturbed spirit, *down!* Miss Sweet, I'll hear from you.

MISS SWEET—Oh, *my!* [Faints and is carried out on a shutter. Great sensation and confusion.]

SHAL—Has not the Menken yet struck her *pose?* She must be quick, or I'll be indis-*posed* to take her deposition.

OLD BUCK, having jumped to his feet, begins to tower aloft—he monuments on high!—his massive under jaw works convulsively, and in a smothered peal of muttered thunder here verberates—"*I* am *the* Menken!"

SHAL—*Y-o-u?*

BUCK.—Aye, *I*—by *proxy!*

SHAL—It is a most improper function. Is there other name under the sun by which you may be recognised in *proper* person? In short, *who* are you?

BUCK, striking a tragic attitude—The noblest Roman of them *a-l-l-l-l!*

SHAL—Drop a few furlongs of your *all*, noblest of Romans, and straight divulge your business with this court.

BUCK—I'm sent to get these innocents out of *hic*—or, in vulgar parlance, out of *hoc*.

SHAL.—And the result is, you have got yourself into *hac* with them.

BUCK, frowning majestically—Then, since you *will*, round them I draw the *awful* circle—

SHAL.—Draw it mild—draw it mild, my bully Cardinal; you've drawn that circle too often already—it's about played out.

BUCK, in a tower of passion—I defy your Sunday Law! I laugh at it! I'll tear it all to tatters! I'll play the very devil here! I court arrest! I'll bet one hundred dollars (thrusts his hand into his pocket and pulls it out full of stage coin) that I nonsuit you all! *all!* ALL! [Exit "Old Buck," in quest of a soothing balm—a game of "poker."

SHALLOW, rising—The case is adjudged. I fine the whole *posse in esse* of you, each and several, fifty dollars, and may the devout Legislature, which created the day you have with *mal pretence* so foully desecrated, have mercy on your degenerate souls!

GRIFFITHS, springing nervously to his feet—Yer Honor! Yer Honor!

SHAL—Silence in Court! or straight I'll launch (grasping the inkstand) a weightier *pen*-alty.

ANDERSON, growlingly—It will not be the first time deadheads have thrown their inkstands at us.

GRIFFITH, on his feet again—Yer Honor, might I be permitted to remark, that it is not becoming in a magistrate to forget—

SHAL., twitching his brown wig over his eyes—Avaunt, thou pigmy! The Court's dissolved—the docket is closed. *Decampus fogetus liquori!*

BOOTH—Now is the winter of our discontent!

MAYO—Oh, we'll rehearse our wrongs!

ANDERSON—What boots it all? They'll be *unhearsed* again. Let's take a nip!

BARRY—Sainted Maria!

MISS SWEET—What *shall* I do? I'm sick of playing Barbara Hare.

MRS. SAUNDERS—Lean on this ample breast, my waxen fair.

VOICE OF OLD BUCK (from a distance)—Who pirates of waxed ends fair? *D——n* Sacramento! I hold two pair.

The case, which is a hard one, was subsequently appealed, bonds were given, and "the wicked" were allowed to run at large, to the peril of all the Sundays in the calendar.

Oh, *Lame!*

THE MERRY OWL SOCIAL CLUB give their annual invitation ball at Irving Hall, on the 12th inst.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

ENIGMA No. 416.

WE have seen quite a number of positions in *one move*, and even remember one in *half* a move, but the following by a world-renowned unknown of *Bell's Life* has, to our thinking, never been exceeded in ingenious neatness.

BY B. X.



at Q Kt 3, K R 6, Q B 3, K B 5, K Kt 5, Q B 6, Q 7, K 3d,
and white Pawns at K Kt 4, and K R 5th.



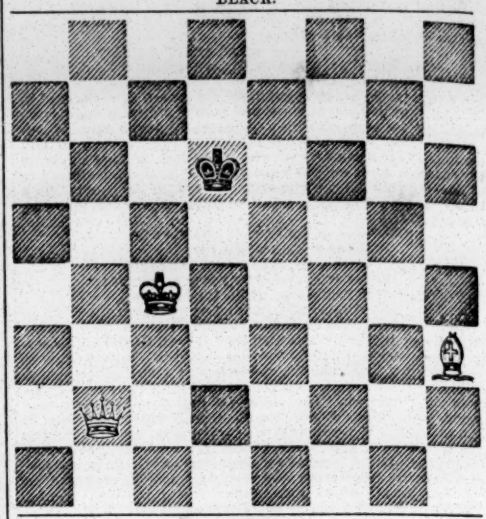
at Q sq, K Kt sq, K B 2, Q Kt 3, K R 3, K Kt 4, K 5, Q B 2, and 4th.

White to play and compel Black to mate him in one move.

PROBLEM No. 416.

BY J. R. C.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

GAME No. 416.

Our contributor E. Chamier gives a friend from the "rural districts" the odds of Q R, *and the move*.

CENTRE GAMBIT.

Attack, Amateur.	Defence, E. Chamier.	Attack, Amateur.	Defence, E. Chamier.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	12. P to Q B 3	Q B to R 3
2. P-Q 4	K P × P	13. P-Q Kt 4	K B × P
3. Q × Q 2d P	Q Kt-B 3	14. B P × B	Q × Kt P
4. Q-home	K B-B 4	15. Q-her 2	R-K sq +
5. K B-B 4	P-Q 3	16. K-Q sq	Q-R 5 +
6. K B-Kt 5	K Kt-K 2	17. K Kt-Kt 3	K R-K 7
7. K Kt-B 3	Castles	18. Q × Q P	Q-K Kt 5
8. K B × Kt	Kt P × B	19. P-K B 3	Q × Kt P
9. P-K 5	K Kt-his 3	20. K R-K sq	Q × B P
10. K P × P	B P × P	21. K Kt-Q 4, and the Defence mates in two moves.	
11. K Kt-Q 4	Q-her Kt 3		

An entertaining *partie* with a very neat *finale*. The whole is an instructive lesson from which those who receive anything like such odds ought to profit. We are of opinion, and long have been, that the move is far less often added to the odds of a piece than it should be. To do so promotes pleasure, variety and instruction, by cultivating the tyro's Attack as well as Defence. Our thanks to friend Chamier for this oddity.

Having a few lines of space left, we "top off" with the following morsel between our correspondent "Pawnee" and another amateur of the "Ontario" C. C., of Hamilton, C. W.

KING'S GAMBIT.

Amateur.	Pawnee.	Amateur.	Pawnee.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	7. Q Kt to B 3	K B to Kt 5
2. P-K B 4	K P × P	8. Q-Kt 5 +	Q Kt-B 3
3. K Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	9. K Kt-K 5	K Kt × Kt
4. P-Q 4	K Kt × P	10. Kt P × Kt	B × B 2d P +
5. Q B × P	P-Q 4	11. K-his B 2	Q-K R 5 +
6. Q-K 2 (?)	Q B-Kt 5	12. Q B-Kt 3, and the Defence wins speedily.	

We should be glad to see our old contributor with a more efficient and equal adversary.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

DRAUGHTS OR CHEQUERS.

A NEW TREATISE BY HENRY SPAYTH.
Price, $1 50.

AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER. Price, $2 00.
ANDERSON'S TREATISE. Price, $1 50.
All post paid. For sale by
39-3m* SINCLAIR TOUSEY, 121 Nassau st., N.Y.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. L. HUGGINS, Baltimore.—This week "closes out" your lot.

A. H. MERCER.—Are you still at Wellsville? One of our correspondents wishes to learn your whereabouts.

J. I. C., Elgin, Mich.—We have forwarded you a copy of Anderson by mail. They can be furnished at $1,25 per copy.

ROVER.—Mr. Drysdale perhaps first. "Among the strong players of this city," is rather a vague question. We will, however, take the liberty to mention the names of several players of this city, any one of whom can, if disposed, give you "something to think about." If you are "spoiling for a fight," try on any of the following gentlemen—if you can get a chance, viz: Messrs. Drysdale, Hines, Dunlap, McLean, Leurs, Burr, and—we think that's sufficient at present. If, however, you should "use up" these gentlemen, we will direct you farther.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 40—Vol. XI.

BY W. S. KNIGHT.

White.		Black.	
1.	10 to 6		12 to 26
2.	18	23	27 18
3.	9	5, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF CRITICAL POSITION.

BY R. MARTIN.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.
1.	14 to 9	22 to 18	4.	5 to 1		15 to 6
2.	9 5	18 15	5.	1 10,		
3.	11 7	2 11		and draws.		

[This is certainly a very beautiful end-game.]

GAME No. 41—Vol. XI.

Between A. B., of Manchester, and J. Dunn, of Glasgow.

AYRSHIRE LASSIE.

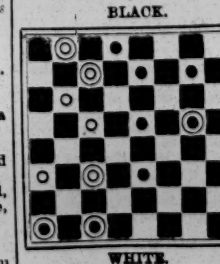
Black.—J. Dunn.		White.—A. B.		Black.—J. Dunn.		White.—A. B.	
1.	11 to 15	24 to 20		21.	11 to 18	5 to 1	
2.	8 11	28 24		22.	6 9	19 16	
3.	4 8	23 19		23.	9 13	10 12	
4.	15 18	22 15		24.	8 11	1 6	
5.	11 18	32 28		25.	32 27	6 10	
6.	10 14	26 23		26.	18 22	12 8	
7.	6 10	31 26		27.	27 23	8 3	
8.	1 6	26 22		28.	23 19	3 8	
9.	9 13	22 15		29.	11 15	8 11	
10.	7 11	30 26		30.	15 18	11 15	
11.	11 18	19 15		31.	19 24	29 25	
12.	10 19	24 15		32.	22 29	15 22	
13.	3 7	28 24		33.	24 19	10 14	
14.	7 11	24 19		34.	19 15	20 16	
15.	5 9	19 16		35.	15 19	16 11	
16.	12 19	23 7		36.	19 15	14 18	
17.	2 11	26 23		37.	15 8	18 15	
18.	13 17	23 19		38.	8 3	15 11	
19.	18 22	25 18		39.	13 17	22 13	
20.	14 32	21 5		40.	29 25	13 17	

And A. B. wins.

POSITION No. 41—Vol. XI. CRITICAL POSITION.

BY A. L. H., OF BALTIMORE.

BLACK.

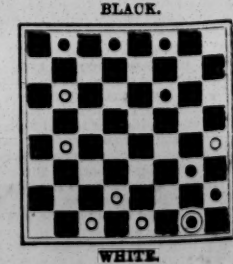


WHITE.

White to move and win.

BY R. MARTIN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER FORTY-THREE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

JAMES H. TAYLOR.

Born in Philadelphia, August 24th, 1825, and made his first appearance on the stage at the Portland, Me., Theatre, under the management of Mrs. W. H. Pierce, as Lucius in "Virginius." Made his *debut* in his native city at the Chestnut street Theatre, June 10th, 1851, as Claude Melnotte, in "The Lady of Lyons." In October, 1852, he took a trip South, and became manager of the Richmond, Va., Theatre, and remained as such four seasons. In 1861 he went West, and during the season was leading man at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati. Early in 1863 he sailed for California, and after "laying upon the shelf" (theatrically speaking) for some time, he finally opened at Maguire's Opera House, Virginia City, N. T., thence to Sacramento, where he fulfilled a good engagement. He next tried his fortunes with the San Franciscans, opening with Maguire at his Opera House, and where he is at the present writing, but intends returning soon to his native city. That this gentleman possesses considerable histrionic merit, there can be no doubt.

W. CONOVER.

Born in Philadelphia; made his first appearance on any stage in 1841, at Mitchell's Olympic, New York. Died in New York, in 1851.

MISS COAD.

Born in England. Made her first appearance on any stage, in July, 1839, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as a chorus singer. Made her *debut* in New York at the Park Theatre. In 1851, went to California, where she became quite a favorite as a "singing actress."

JAMES M. COOK.

Born in Liverpool, Lancashire, England. Made his first appearance on any stage in his native place, as Franco, in the play of "Guy Mannering;" made his first appearance on the American stage in June, 1850, at the Odeon Theatre, Boston, Mass., as Gilbert, in "The Idiot Witness;" made his *debut* in New York in 1851, at the Bowery Theatre, as Putnam. First appeared in Philadelphia, January 21st, 1856, at the City Museum, as Dionysius, in "Damon and Pythias." On Thursday, September 16th, 1858, he ruptured a blood vessel, and died at Canton, N. Y.

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 355.

DRAMATIC.

the piece find an able exponent in Mr. Bandmann. He is supported by Madame Ponisi, Mrs. J. H. Allen, and the stock company of the Boston Theatre. His success in this character has been so decided, that the play will probably run during his engagement. In the language of a contemporary, "Athens hath done him honor!"

Mr. Edwin Forrest has played "Coriolanus" eight nights at the Boston Theatre, to audiences completely crowding that vast establishment. The "Broker of Bogota" is now on the boards, Mr. William Wheatley returning to Boston for the purpose of sustaining his original character. The company regularly engaged at the theatre render efficient support and the scenery is considered the best ever seen in Boston. Mr. Whalley has appeared on some occasions; but it was evident that his health was poor, and the press have advised him to take a brief vacation.

F. S. Chanfrau commences a two week's engagement at Norfolk, Va., on the 22d, the "Ticket of Leave Man" being the attraction.

John Nickinson, well known in this city with the frequenters of Mitchell's Olympic, died in Cincinnati, on Tuesday evening, 9th inst.

Liberty Hall, New Bedford, Mass., used for theatrical purposes, was destroyed by fire on the 10th inst.

Miss Jean Hosmer begins an engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on the 22d inst.

The Holman Troupe have been re-engaged to remain in Utica this week, given entertainments at the Mechanics' Fair.

Lanergan's company brought their season in Detroit to a close on the 13th inst.

Theatricals in New Orleans are thus spoken of by a correspondent, "Lacries," under date of January 31st:—At the Varieties, the greater portion of this month has been devoted to benefits. On the 11th, Mrs. Baker took a benefit, on which occasion "Camille" and "Rough Diamond" were produced. Mrs. Baker appeared as the consumptive coquette, supported by Mr. Lawrence Barrett as Armand. In the afterpiece she appeared as Margery, and kept the house in a roar by her superior acting. She was called out between the pieces, when she made the usual speech, &c., &c.....On the 18th, Lawrence Barrett had a benefit, when he essayed for the first time the *role* of Macbeth. As the bloody Thane, he made some very fine points, but some of his scenes were too tame. This gentleman is a painstaking young actor, very careful, and is a great favorite with the *habitues* of the Varieties; he bids fair to be one of the shining lights of the American stage at some future day. Mr. Barrett had the misfortune of spraining his ankle on his benefit night, in consequence of which he was unable to appear for a couple of weeks. He has, however, recovered, and appeared last night as Count Priuli, in Tom Taylor's drama of "Retribution."....Dan Setchell (who, by the way, is a great favorite here) took his benefit on the 25th, and it was a bumper. The pieces performed were "Sweethearts and Wives," with Dan Setchell as Billy Lackaday; "Leah the Forsook," with Setchell as the "shrewdish maiden," and Viola Barrett as Rudolf. Between the pieces, Lawrence Barrett recited Samuel Lover's play of "Shamus O'Brien." He was announced to appear as Charles Franklin, in the first piece, but was unable to do so on account of the painful accident which befel him on his benefit night. The house was crowded from pit to dome. Among those present were Major General Banks, Admiral Farragut, and a great many other friends and admirers of the irresistible Dan. "Leah the Forsook" has been drawing good houses during the past week, and bids fair to have a good run.....Lewis Baker, the enterprising manager of this establishment, is up for a benefit on to-morrow night, February 1st....."Rosedale" was revived, with Lawrence Barrett as Philot Grey, in which he is capital, Lewis Baker as Miles McKenna, Setchell as Bunberry Kobb, Mrs. Baker as Lady May, and Viola Barrett as Rosa Leigh, which she acts to perfection.....The "Ticket-of-Leave Man" is in preparation.....At the Academy, Young Nicolo has been drawing crowded houses for the past three weeks. He took his benefit on the 28th and had a crowded house. He has been re-engaged for a few nights longer. The press and public are alike in ecstacies over this youthful prodigy. Mlle. Lola Lehman makes her first appearance here to-morrow night, since her return from Havana.

Madame Methua Scheller is to commence an engagement at the Boston Theatre on the 2d of March, appearing on Mr. Forrest's off nights.

The "Ticket-of Leave Man" will probably be discontinued at the Chestnut, Philadelphia, this week. On the 15th, the comedy season will begin.

The Richings Opera Troupe are at the Arch, Philadelphia, commencing on the 15th inst.

Lucille Western has been re-engaged at the Walnut, Philadelphia; her success there has been great.

Vandenhoff the reader has had a relapse of the gout, and his wife was obliged to act as substitute at Hartford, Conn., Feb. 10th, and Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Feb. 11th.

CIRCUSES.

Zampillaerostation is a very difficult thing to get over, whether in spelling, or to execute what it is intended to convey. Notwithstanding this, a little fellow only eight years of age is said to have mastered it in all its bearings. His name is Le Petit Angelo, and, as will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere, he has completed several successful engagements to the satisfaction of his mentors and his own profit and reputation. His business manager, Mr. Frank Donaldson, in said advertisement gives various particulars in regard to the performance, and solicits engagements from managers having suitable theatres or halls. The young Zampillaerostateur should make "a great little card."

John Foster, clown, took a benefit at the National Circus, Philadelphia, on the 11th inst.

Young Nicolo brought his engagement at New Orleans to a close on the 7th inst., on which occasion he was presented with a gold medal weighing about ten ounces, and has for a device on one side an embossed American Eagle. On the reverse is the inscription, "Presented to Master Robert Nicolo, by"—here follow the names of the subscribers. It is a handsome testimonial to youthful genius, and reflects credit alike upon him and the donors.

MUSIC HALLS.

Mayor Henry, of Philadelphia, is about to tackle the pretty waiter girls, and keep them out of concert saloons, just as our New York Legislature did a few years ago. Our chaps chased the girls out of music halls, but they are now three times as thick in the underground free concert shows. Should Mayor Henry's bill "come to pass," a similar state of affairs will exist in Philadelphia as we have in New York. The following is an extract of the bill drawn up by the Mayor:—"It requires licenses for every kind of public exhibition (cost $10). It prohibits the sale of any spirituous, vinous or malt beverages in or in connection with any place of amusement, and makes it a penal offence to employ any female for any purpose in an auditorium. Lastly, power is given to the Mayor, in case of the violation of this act, to order the police to close any place the proprietor of which shall offend."

The "moral dodge" has taken such hold upon the people since the "Ticket of Leave Man" was introduced among us, that Brother Beller, of the Chicago Concert Hall, gave a "sacred concert" on Sunday evening, Feb. 7th, upon which important occasion it was announced that the saloon would be kept closed, and no smoking allowed in the auditorium. The sacred concert consisted of juggling, comic double dance, flying wire, Lightning Jig, Essence, etc., concluding with the "King of Clubs." Services commenced at quarter to 8; collection of 25 cents each taken at the door.

Mr. Josh Hart, stage manager of the Melodeon, Baltimore, having recovered his voice, is now delighting the patrons of that establishment by his original comicalities.

Mr. William Sinn, well-known in the profession as the late enterprising manager of the Canterbury, Washington, has turned up in Cincinnati. Having purchased from John Bates the well-known National Theatre, he is at present busily engaged preparing for an early re-opening of that establishment with a first class music hall company. He has also bought the lease of Mr. Montpelier, the present occupant, who intends taking his company to Indianapolis. Mr. Sinn intends making extensive alterations in the interior of the theatre; indeed, we learn that it will be almost "gutted," and the auditorium is to be remodelled.

J. C. Lee, formerly treasurer of the Canterbury Hall, Broadway, when under Mr. Fox's management, is giving ample demonstration that he "can keep a hotel" at 104 Spring street, St. Nicholas building, where he dispenses everything that is good to eat, drink and smoke. It is a favorite resort for the profession. Go and see him.

J. H. Taylor, late stage manager of the Newark Theatre and some "punkins" on the old banjo, is now disengaged and would like to lease his abilities to some manager for a long or short term.

Mr. G. W. Thompson, with his trained dog Hector, were the principal attractions last week at Hamblin's Varieties, Washington. The dogmatical drama of "The Forest of Bondy," was the only piece in which those "talented" performers appeared. .....M'lle Windel and Mons. Baptistin, and all the pretty girls connected with this establishment, appear nightly in their exquisite dancing and charming action.

At the Canterbury, Washington, "Harlequin Now-a-days; or, The Good Fairy of the Magic Lake and the Foul Fiend of Secession," is the expressive title of the last novelty produced. In addition, the usual variety of singing, dancing, Ethiopianisms, and acrobatic feats are given. Mr. Lea is constantly producing novelty, and he is well patronized.

Miss Kitty West, said to be a sweet singer, has recently been added to the Melodeon company at Baltimore.

"Mazeppa" was the attraction last week at the St. Louis Varieties. The equestrian drama of "Pauline of the Potomac, or Gen. McClellan's Female Spy," written by Mr. J. H. Rogers, of the St. Louis theatre, was produced on the 8th inst., with Miss Kate Vance as the heroine. Another drama by the same author is said to be in rehearsal.

Ellinger and Foote's party opened at Frederick, Md., on the 10th inst., for four nights, where they did a good business. From thence they proceeded to Washington, D. C., for two weeks, afterwards to Alexandria, and directly west.

Tony Pastor's benefit came off at the Varieties, Chicago, on the 1st inst., on which occasion his non-professional friends presented him with a fine gold medal.

Among the most enterprising of concert hall managers, Mr. Geo. Lea, of the Washington Canterbury, Baltimore Melodeon, and New Orleans Academy of Music, stands in the front rank, and the number of artists under his control is something to wonder at, and it must take not a few of Uncle Sam's greenbacks to square the account. But he understands his business, hence his success. For a list of his amusement brigade and what he says to, of, and for them, see advertisement.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Duprez & Green's Minstrels, judging by evidence we continually receive from almost every place they visit, are meeting with the most flattering success. At Smythe's Hall, Manchester, N. H., on January 21st, to quote from a correspondent who advertises the same in another column, "they had the largest audience ever within that splendid building." The same authority says, also, that Mr. Smythe, of said hall, is a most enterprising man, and that his hall has the very best facilities for billing, which will largely benefit any company occupying so fine a hall in so prosperous a town. For further particulars see advertisement.

Yankee Hill's Burlesque Opera Troupe are on their way to Cleveland, St. Louis, Nashville, etc.

Morris' Minstrels met with such extraordinary success last week at the Concert Hall, Philadelphia, that they have been induced to prolong their stay there. Their entertainments were well received, and enthusiastically applauded, their acts being fresh in that locality. They compelled the opposition house to resort to "benefits" and "complimentaries" in order to make any sort of show.

Buckleys' Minstrels, Boston, have been obliged to open their theatre on Saturday afternoons, in order to accommodate suburbans, ladies, and children, unable to attend in the evening on account of the rush of visitors. Mr. J. H. Murphey, who recently joined the Buckleys, as tenor, has made an excellent impression by his fine singing. The new pianist, Mr. Barrows, seems to be just the man for the place. B. Bishop Buckley appears nightly, and keeps the audience in a roar of laughter, while G. Swaine "comes up" with "Sally" to the delight of all. "Slasher and Crasher" was an immense hit. Fred Buckley is still unable to appear, we are sorry to say.

Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, Boston, having given the "Ticket of Leave" man a "Ticket of Leave," have been playing "Look out for your Carpet Bag" instead, to the usual full houses. Eph Horn, Billy Morris, Johnny Pell, and Lon Morris are a jolly quartette, and keep Washington street in good humor throughout its entire length. "Smoke?" was the inquiry last week, while the "Black Chemist" experimented with great success. This great troupe now play every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, being determined to accommodate the public, who desire two performances on those days.

Duprez & Green's Minstrels did remarkably well during their stay at Montreal, C. E. They were to open at Quebec, on the 9th, when C. Lavallee was to join them.

Bowers and Prendergast's Minstrels were at Albany on the 13th inst.

A minstrel company and brass band is being organised by Dick O'Neil, to start on a tour early in March. Good performers and a smart agent are advertised for it, in another column.

Trowbridge's Minstrel Troupe, lately performing at Quebec, C. E., were at Ottawa on the 10th inst. in a bad fix. The manager "sherried his nibs" with the surplus on hand, and left the "cullies" to pay their own expenses with nary-a-cent, and not much trunks.

Hooley's Minstrels are gaining in popularity with the Brooklynites with each new programme. They have become Brooklyn's only established institution. They seize upon every novelty as soon as offered, and by industry, energy and skill, command public approbation and support. The musical department of their entertainment is carefully prepared, and is always pleasing.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The "Miltonian Tableaux" were drawing well at Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh.

LaRue's Panopticon of the War was at Biddeford, Me., three days last week, and closed the week at Saco. This week the show is at Portland.

Fallon's Stereopticon was on exhibition last week at Utica.

The Continental Old Folks were at Waukegan, Ill., on the 8th and 9th inst.; Joliet, 10th; Bloomington, 11th; Springfield, 12th; and Jacksonville 13th and 15th.

"Gift Enterprises," and such like operations to humbug the public at the expense of the poor soldier, are beginning to receive that attention at the hands of the legal authorities which their swindling character merits. A fellow was recently arrested at Chicago charged with getting up a swindling circular, announcing a "Grand Gift and Prize Lottery" for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers, under the patronage of the ladies of Chicago. The circular announced 60,000 tickets for sale at $1 each—$20,000 to go for the benefit of the soldiers, and $40,000 to be distributed in prizes. We have not learned what they did with the man. Three-fourths of these speculations for the "benefit of sick and wounded soldiers" are swindles, not a dollar of the proceeds going towards the relief of the sick and wounded soldier. We have repeatedly cautioned the public against such frauds, and we take this opportunity to do so again. Beware of them.

J. M. Searl's party were in Missouri at last accounts, and were giving exhibitions in Richmond and adjacent towns, the first offered to the public thereaway for nearly three years; the "circuit" is a hard road to travel, the party pursuing the uneven tenor of their way, by night, to keep clear of thieves.

Sam Welser, trick clown and juggler, is taking a furlough at McKeesport, Pa., after fulfilling an engagement of six weeks at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh.

Mr. Wilson Hann, the proprietor of the Mansion House, Hudson, N. Y., advertises in this issue of the CLIPPER that he is prepared to give good fare for man and beast at the lowest fares. Gentlemen, whether of the histrionic, minstrel, or circus profession, including their agents, can be made quite at home there.

Shay's "Monster Guincuplexal and Celestial Troupe" is collecting currency expeditiously down East, and their entertainments are well attended. On the 15th inst. they were to be at Lowell, and from thence go to Nashua, Haverhill, Concord, Salem, Manchester, and Lynn.

J. B. Magill's Opera and Variety Troupe opened at Washington Hall, Wheeling, Va., on the 8th. They performed four nights to fair audiences, and next opened at Washington, Pa., on the 12th. The company comprise John Redden, Miss Lola Melnotte, Charley Monroe, R. Edwards, J. B. Magill, and James Woods.

Howard's Great Combination Troupe opened at Washington Hall, Wheeling, Va., on the 12th, for two nights. First night to a bumper.

Woodroffe's Bohemian Glass Blowers are billed for Wheeling, Va., on the 15th.

The Blaisdell Brothers, Swiss Bell Ringers, have been doing an excellent business in Toronto, C. W., where their entertainments appear to have taken. In referring to them, the *Leader* of that place says:—"They are without doubt a talented troupe, and one can spend a very pleasant evening listening to the sweet and melodious sounds which the performers bring forth on their bells. But the bells are not the only pleasant features connected with the entertainment, Mr. M. H. Rogers, who accompanies the troupe, has one of the most peculiar voices we have ever heard. He sings "Sweet to be Remembered" beautifully, and with a degree of pathos and softness very pleasing to the ear. Little Clara sings "The Captain with his Whiskers" in nice style. Mr. Hall is quite a musician, for he plays both the bugle and clarionette superbly. The remarkable way in which he brought out the echo sounds on the former instrument, astonished and delighted the audience. Mr. Birch plays exquisitely on the violin, in fact he might be ranked as a first-class player. Madame Blaisdell plays the harp very nicely, and Master Steve Young is quite an original; he sings the "Irishman's Shanty" in character, very humorously. They were to perform at Hamilton, C. W., on the 15th and 16th inst.

J. M. Searl was to give an entertainment at the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Lexington, Mo., on the 2d inst., the first entertainment given in that town, it is said, for three years. His next stopping place was Carrollton, thence to Chillicothe.

Ellinger and Foote's exhibition is holding forth this week at Odd Fellows' Hall, Washington.

Joseph Childers, of the 62d Indiana Reg't, was in Rochester on the 8th, en route to this city, to embark hence to Paris and match himself against Mons. Leavitt in the musket drill.

Camilla Urso, the violinist, assisted by Mrs. J. S. Cary and Mr. A. Rambach, gave a concert in Brewster Hall, New Haven, Conn., Feb. 11th, under the management of P. S. Gilmore.

Mr. Sanford, one of the "natives," will read his poem "The Pearl Divers," and "selections," at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Feb. 16th.

Miss Louise Browne, of New York, was to take part in the masquerade and fancy dress ball of the D. Y. W. Y. K. Club at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Feb. 15th.

Jas. Ward & Co. have a sort of museum in Sudbury street, Boston. Prof. Nevarro, Egyptian Wizard, who performs the knife feat, is there.

The Fakir of Ava is giving entertainments this week at Tweddle Hall, Albany.

The Rice Family were announced to give a concert at Detroit on the 16th inst.

An agent desires a situation with some traveling show. See his card in another column.

Mr. John Clarke, equestrian, died at Manchester, Eng., Jan. 25th, aged seventy-eight years. He was the last surviving pupil of the noted Philip Astley, and was cotemporary with Richardson, Scowlon, Adams, &c., of note as showmen when "Bartlemy" Fair was in its glory.

AMUSEMENTS.

M'LLE LEO HUDSON, the beautiful Equestrienne and Melo-Dramatic Actress, opens at the NEW THEATRE, Nashville, Feb. 15th. Managers wishing to secure this great Artiste will apply to

JAS. CONNER & CO.,
45-1t 25 West Houston street, New York.

GRAND COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT TO M'LLE. MARIETTA RAVEL,
At HOWE'S GREAT CIRCUS,
199 and 201 BOWERY,
FRIDAY EVENING, FEB. 19TH.
A HOST OF VOLUNTEERS WILL APPEAR. 45-1t*

AMUSEMENTS.

FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE.
Proprietor, Director, and Manager.....G. L. FOX.
Fourth week of the great and Successful Pantomime, by
G. L. FOX,
Crowds upon crowds of delighted spectators.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, February 15th and 16th,
The new and Gorgeous Pantomime, entitled
THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.
Clown.....G. L. Fox. | Pantaloon.....C. K. Fox.
Harlequin.....Tony Denier. | Columbine..Mlle. Martinetti.
The last scene
SURPASSES EVERYTHING YET WITNESSED.
To commence with
THE LOTTERY TICKET.
Wormwood.....G. L. Fox.
To conclude with
ROBERT MACAIRE.
Robert Macaire.....J. B. Studley.
Jaques Strop.....G. L. Fox.
Saturday Afternoon, at 2½ o'clock,
THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT. 45

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Commences at 7½ o'clock; concludes at 10½:
Lessee and Manager.....MR. WM. WHEATLEY.
MONDAY EVENING, February. 15th, 1864,
MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS.
Mr. Wheatley has the pleasure of announcing a re-engagement with these talented and celebrated personators of Irish character
FOR TWELVE NIGHTS MORE ONLY.
The steady and extraordinary success that has attended the engagement of these gifted Artists, has proved a public appreciation of their merits, never before awarded to any performers in the same school of the Drama.
These last Twelve Nights will be most positively the last appearances in New York, this season, of
MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
As their engagement in Philadelphia will preclude any renewal.
Positively last nights of Chas. Gaylor's new Irish Drama,
THE CONNIE SOOGAH.
The cast of the Drama embraces
EVERY MEMBER OF THE TALENTED COMPANY.
Seats secured at the box office one week in advance.

HOWE'S GREAT CIRCUS,
199 and 201 BOWERY.
Second week of
M'LLE MARIETTA RAVEL,
the celebrated tight-rope artist and danseuse, who will appear in several new features.
MR. JOHN DENIER,
will appear in his wonderful feat of ascension on the tight-rope, carrying a man on his back, walking blindfolded, and other daring feats.
AN ATTRACTIVE EQUESTRIAN BILL
will be presented, introducing
ENTIRELY NEW ACTS.
Admission, 25 cents; children, 15 cents. Private Box seats, 50 cents. Commence at 2½ and 7½ o'clock.
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS,
GRAND MATINEES FOR FAMILIES.
A GRAND COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT
will be tendered by the management and company of the above establishment to
Mlle. MARIETTA RAVEL,
FRIDAY EVENING, February 19, 1864.
A host of eminent artists have kindly volunteered for this night only. 45-1t*

MR. AND MRS. J. F. NOYES will be disengaged after the first of March, and would negotiate with responsible managers for the Juvenile and Light Comedy, and first Singing Chambermaids and Boys. Address care Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind. 45-4t

SOMETHING NEW.
PHOTOGRAPHIC GROUPS.
Each group contains from five to nine Photograph Portraits, no two groups alike. Price 25 cents each; five for $1, twelve for $2, and sent post paid.
GROUP No. 1.—Edwin Adams, in citizen's dress, and four as the "Heretic." GROUP No. 2.—Leo Hudson, in citizen's dress, and six as "Mazeppa." GROUP No. 3.—Charlotte Thompson, in citizen's dress, as Camille, Little Barefoot, Virginia, and Fanchon. GROUP No 4.—Kate Reignolds, in citizen's dress, and eight characters. GROUP No. 5.—Leo Hudson as Mazeppa and French Spy, nine positions. GROUP No. 6.—Mme. Vestvali, in citizen's dress, and four characters. GROUP No. 7.—Leo Hudson as French Spy, five positions. GROUP No. 8.—Edwin Adams, in citizen's dress, and as Claude Melnotte, four positions. GROUP No. 9.—Fanny Wilson, in citizen's dress, and eight characters (Greek statues). GROUP No. 10.—Miss Leo Hudson, in citizen's dress, and Mazeppa, four positions. GROUP No. 11.—Cubas, Marietta Ravel, Kate Pennoyer, Zoe, Galletti, Zanfretta, Costa Theleur, Marie and Augusta Lamareaux, in ballet dress. GROUP No. 12.—F. S. Chanfrau, in citizen's dress, and four characters. GROUP No. 13.—Verrecke, the gymnast, in seven positions. GROUP No. 14.—J. C. Heenan, in citizen's dress, and four positions (fighting costume). GROUP No. 15.—One hundred celebrated Actors. GROUP No. 16.—One hundred celebrated Actresses. Additions will be constantly made to the above list. Send cash orders to
RICHARD PARKER & CO.,
Corner of Ann and Nassau streets,
45-1t* New York.

M'LLE. MARIE ZOE,
THE GREAT FRENCH AND SPANISH DANSEUSE,
Is drawing crowded houses at the Metropolitan Theatre, Davenport, Iowa.
The following lines were written and dedicated to the CHARMING ZOE, while playing at the New Theatre, Nashville, not long since:—
"Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirits play,
Give motion, light and airy as the dancing spray;
And then her look. O! where's the heart so wise
Can, unbewildered, meet those matchless eyes?"
Managers wishing to secure this beautiful lady and unrivaled artist, will address
JAS. CONNER & CO.,
45-1t 25 West Houston street, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHS of Kate Bateman, Maggie Mitchell, as Fanchon (5 positions), Laura Keene, Lucille and Helen Western, Caroline Richings, Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. Bowers, Adah I. Menken, as French Spy and Mazeppa; Susan and Kate Denin, Fanny Brown, as Prince, Emily Thorne, as Liberty, Matilda Heron, as Camille, Mrs. Hoey, Miss Henriques, Ione Burke, Ada and Emma Webb, Mlle. Vestvali, in character, Charlotte Thompson, Kate Fisher, as Arab Boy, Mlle. Galletti, Cubas, Zanfretta, Zoe, Marietta, Marie and Augusta, Kate Pennoyer, in dancing costume, Ed. Forrest, Ed. Booth, Ed. Adams, Wilkes Booth, J. S. Clarke, Dan, Neil, and Jerry Bryant, George Christy, Eph Horn, Frank Brower, and hundreds of other celebrities. Twenty-five cents each or $2 per doz. All the American and English plays. Send red stamp for Catalogues. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York—WEMYSS' PURCHASING AGENCY. Send cash orders for any articles you want (Postage or Express charges must be included). Letters requiring answers must have stamps enclosed. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y. 45-1t*

ELISE, the great Danseuse and Comedienne, from the Adelphi Theatre, London; SIG. C. CONSTANTINE, Principal Dancer and Pantomimist; and WM. SCOTT, the Versatile Actor, have been engaged for California, to start the latter part of March. Until then they are open for short engagements with theatrical managers. Address
JAMES CONNER & CO.,
45-1t 25 West Houston street, N. Y.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.
NATIONAL THEATRE AND MUSIC HALL.
THE LARGEST AND BEST ARRANGED MUSIC HALL IN AMERICA.
THIS MAGNIFICENT TEMPLE
WILL SEAT 3,000 PERSONS,
WM. E. SINN.....Proprietor.
The above named Theatre will be re-opened with one of the LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANIES IN AMERICA, on or about the
FIRST OF MARCH, 1864.
For full particulars see future advertisements.
FIRST CLASS TALENT ALWAYS WANTED.
Ladies and gentlemen wishing to engage for the opening will address WM. E. SINN.
All applications must be directed to me at Baltimore up to the 22d of February; after that date, letters must be directed to Cincinnati, O. 45-3t

OCEANA, THE STAR OF THE WEST.—This young and beautiful Equestrienne and Comedienne will open at the Continental Theatre, Philadelphia, February 22d, in the character of Mazeppa. All business letters for this lady must be addressed to
JAS. CONNER,
45-1t 25 West Houston street, N. Y.

JANE ENGLISH'S
ST. DENIS RAVEL TROUPE.
The undersigned respectfully announces that having made the southern and western tour, performing with the most brilliant success in all the principal Theatres and public institutions, her spring season will commence on or about the 1st of April, continuing to the 5th of July. Artists of respectability desiring situations, will apply immediately, stating lowest terms, salaries being in all cases sure. Direct at once to Chicago, Illinois.
45-2t* JANE ENGLISH.

J. H. CHILDERS, the greatest Drilled Man in the world in the Manual of Arms and Musket Drill, opens at ARMS' OLYMPIC, Monday, Feb. 15th, for two weeks. Managers wishing to engage Mr. Childers will address
JAMES CONNER & Co.,
45-1t 25 West Houston street, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL
AND THEATRE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.,
GEORGE LEA.....Proprietor

LEA'S MELODEON, BALTIMORE, MD.
GEORGE LEA.....Proprietor

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, LA.
GEORGE LEA.....Proprietor

Stupendous Consolidation of Artistic Talent,
Defying Competition
in genius, excellence and numbers.
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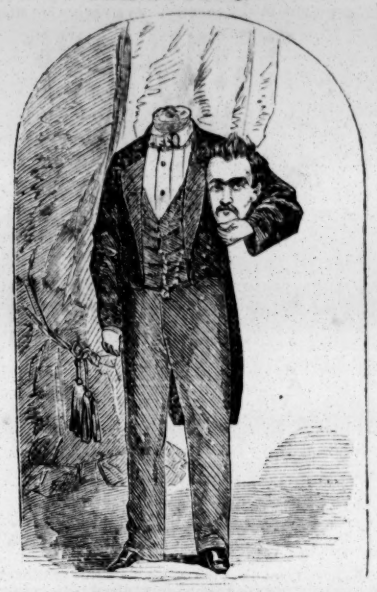
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Before whom all other magicians "pale their ineffectual fires,"
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The theatre wherein he will appear will be converted into
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from which will be seen the Illusory Miracles and
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GREAT SIMMONS!
While contrary to all precedent of Magic Art, there will be
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brings his credentials of excellence in his art and proficiency beyond that of all other magicians, from the
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MLLE. MARIETTA RAVEL,
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Second week of T. D. Rice's Celebrated Opera of
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WOOD'S MINSTRELS.
MONDAY, Feb. 15th, and every evening during the week.
OH, HUSH!
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Camille.....Frank Brower. | Armand Duval....Charley Fox.
The Crisis, Songs, Dances, Instrumental Solos, &c., by
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OR, THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.
Archy Hughes in his great character of Pipes.
First week of the laughable Interlude,
THE CONSCRIPT ON A LARK.
HANDY ANDY, By Hughes and Griffin.
New Banjo Song, by J. S Budworth.
THE HAUNTED HOUSE,
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SOLDIER AND SAILOR, by S. S. Rainforth.
New Acts, Songs, Dances and Plantation Scenes.
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Re appearance of the popular young actor, G. C. BONIFACE.
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The whole of the Scenery entirely new.
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In the PRIDE OF THE MARKET, her performance of which was received with universal approbation when last presented in New York, and
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when it will be produced with a powerful cast and new Scenery.
The entertainments will commence with the Petite Comedy, in two acts, entitled
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After which, PRIDE OF THE MARKET.
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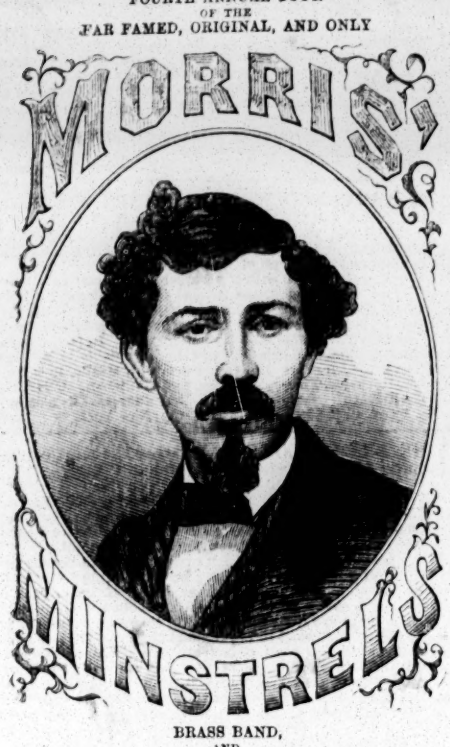
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TWENTY-FOUR
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Defying and far excelling all competition not even excepting soft
IRON CLAD MINSTRELSY.
THE WORLD OUTDONE
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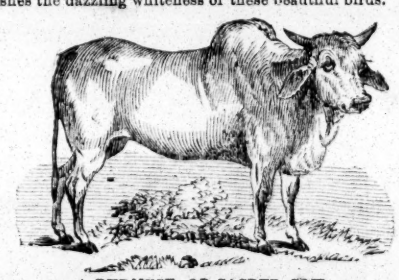
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Unparalleled success of this superbly constructed
PALACE OF ZOOLOGICAL WONDERS,
which is unequalled by any Exhibition either in Europe or America. So vast and beautiful a collection was never offered for public inspection in any country. At all hours are to be seen



A LIVING GIRAFFE,
Nearly 14 feet high, the only one on this continent.
The great difficulty of keeping this animal alive in this climate makes it one of the greatest curiosities of the animal world. Also,



A PAIR OF WHITE PEACOCKS,
White as the driven snow. Not one spot or a single dark shade tarnishes the dazzling whiteness of these beautiful birds. Also,



A BURMESE, OR SACRED COW.
In the Empire of Burmah, this animal is worshiped by the natives. It is considered a sacrilegious act to touch or molest them in any manner.



A BEAUTIFUL NEBRASKA ELK,
Captured near Fort Benton, on the upper Missouri river, by a party of Assiniboine Indians. It is the only one exhibited in this city for many years.



A PAIR OF JAPANESE MASKIN SWINE,
The first ever imported in America, a very curious animal.



A WILD KANSAS BUFFALO,
Captured on the western plains; a very fine specimen.



A LEOPARD AND YOUNG,
The first ever bred in America, are now nearly four months old.

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CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
THE ONE GREAT MUSIC HALL
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